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THE RECONSTRUCTED CABINET.

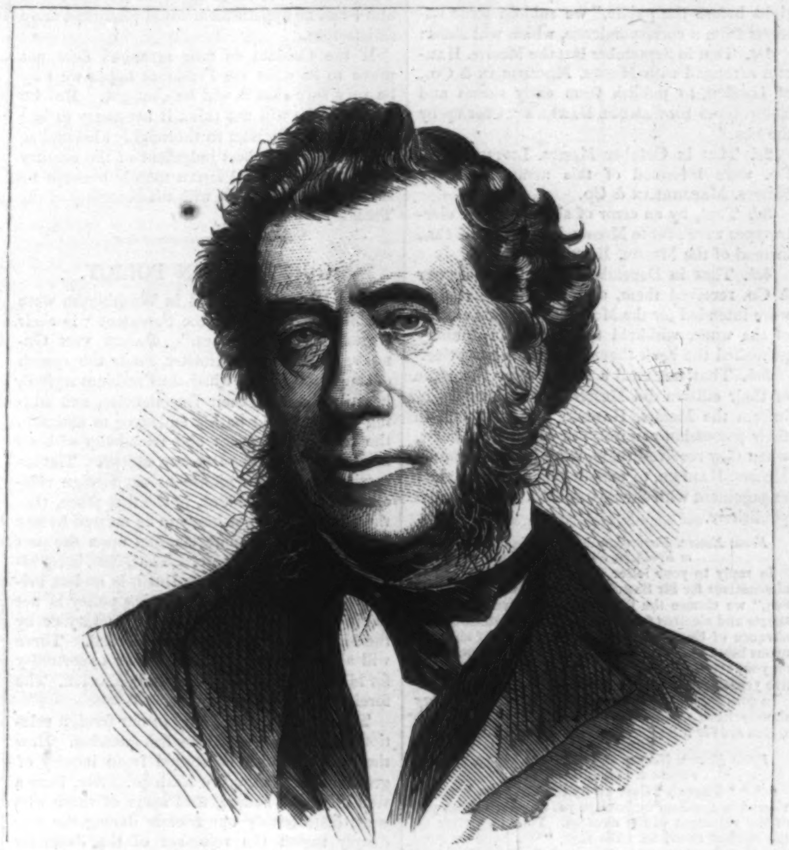
Since the issue of our last Number there have been some changes in the Cabinet. Mr. **Washburne** has resigned the position assigned him, and the Hon. **Hamilton Fish**, of New York, has been appointed and confirmed Secretary of State in his place. **Van Buren** was the first New Yorker appointed to this office, the next was **William L. Marcy**, and the third was **William H. Seward**, who is followed by **Hamilton Fish**.

Mr. **Fish** is a native of this city, where he was born in 1809. On his mother's side he is descended from **Peter Stuyvesant**, the last Dutch Governor of New Amsterdam. His father was the late Colonel **Nicholas Fish**. He was graduated at Columbia College, and subsequently entered upon the study of law, in which he would have acquired a position of eminence had not the management of a very large family estate monopolized so much of his time and attention. He entered political life in 1837 as a Whig member of our State Legislature. In 1842 he was elected to Congress from the Sixth District in this city. In 1846 he was nominated for Lieutenant-Governor, but was defeated. A similar nomination, two years later, led to his election by a majority of 30,000. In 1848 he was elected Governor. He served in the United States Senate from 1851 to 1857. He is a good Republican; and his personal character, his social position, and his ripe culture render him peculiarly well fitted for the position with which he has been honored.

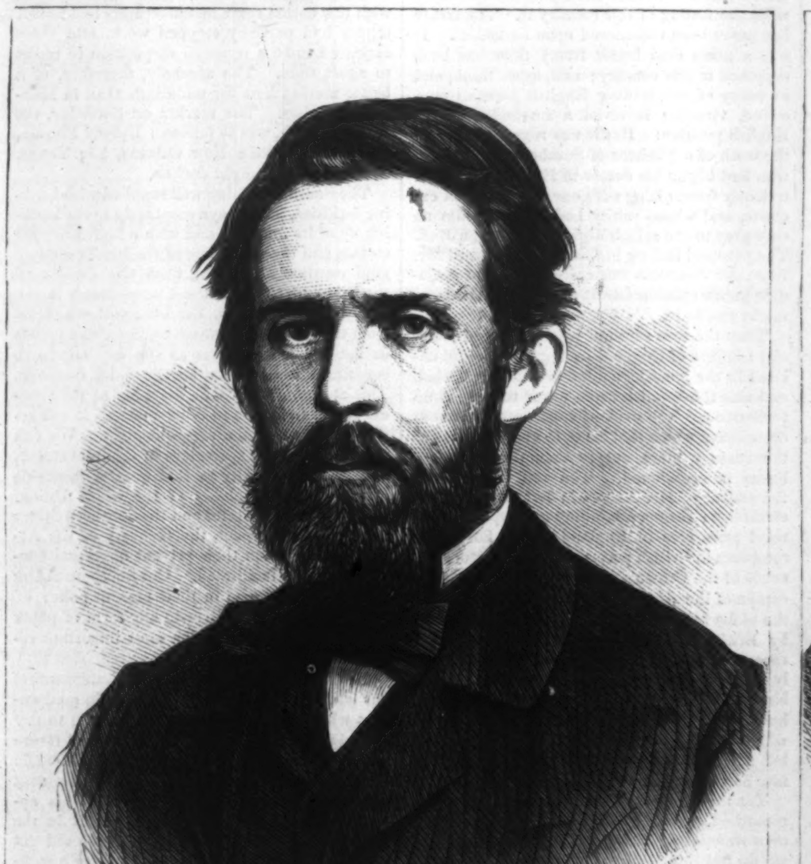
The case of Mr. **Stewart** terminated in his resignation, and in the subsequent appointment of Hon. **George S. Boutwell** as Secretary of the Treasury.

Mr. **Boutwell** was born in Brookline, Massachusetts, January 28, 1818. His circumstances debarred him from a collegiate education. He was originally devoted to agricultural pursuits, but afterward abandoned these, and became a trader in Groton, first as an apprentice, then as a trader, and finally as a proprietor. His leisure time, meanwhile, was devoted to the perfection of his education. Thus his attention was attracted toward the legal profession, which he adopted, and in which he achieved a remarkable success. He was elected to the Massachusetts Legislature in 1842, where he served for seven successive years. In 1851 he was elected Governor of his native State, a position which he held for two terms. In 1853 he was a member of the State Constitutional Convention. He was a Bank Commissioner for two years, Secretary of the Board of Education eleven years, and a member of the Board of Overseers of Harvard College for six years. In 1861 he was a member of the celebrated Peace Congress, which failed to arrest the Southern movement. In June, 1862, he was appointed Commissioner of Internal Revenue. This position he resigned the following year to take a seat in the House, to which he has been three times re-elected. He has ably supported every prominent measure of the Republican party, and in the matter of impeaching President **Johnson** he was in advance of his compatriots. He is said to be a very strong advocate of a "protectionist" tariff. Pleasant and affable in his manners, he is an impressive speaker, and he has had a very large influence in controlling the counsels of his party.

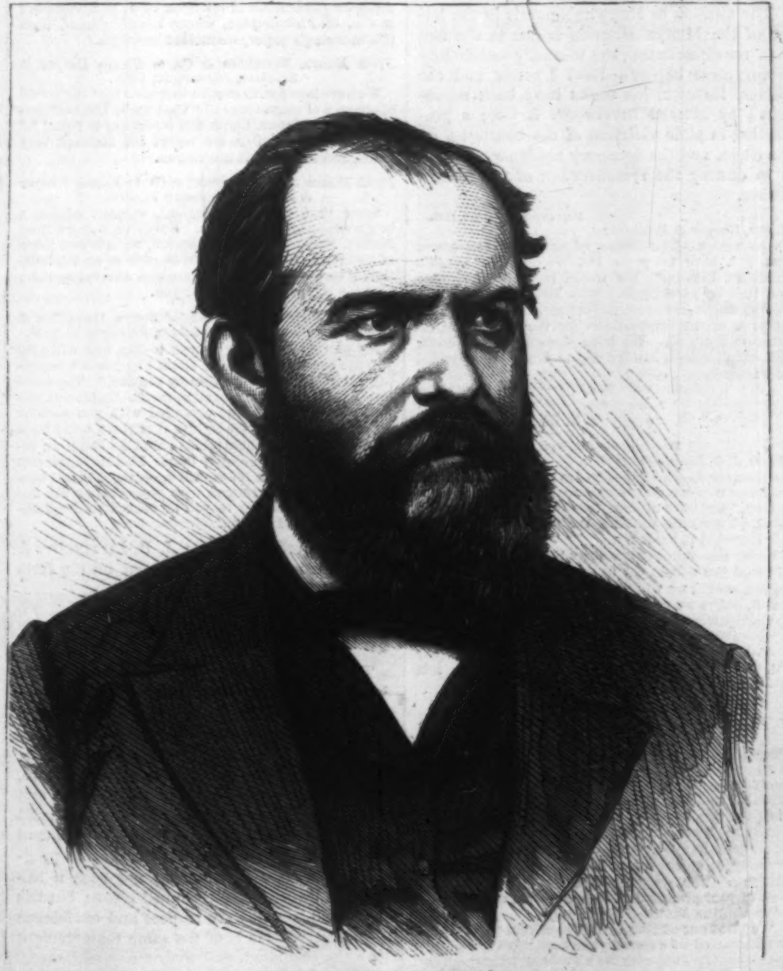
We give also on our first page a portrait of Hon. **John A. J. Cresswell**, the new Postmaster-General. He was born at Port Deposit, Maryland, November 18, 1828. He graduated at Dickinson College, Pennsylvania, in 1850, and immediately after commenced the practice of law in his native State. In 1861 he was elected to the Lower House of the State Legislature. During the following year he served as Adjutant-General of the State, and while so serving was elected a Representative from Maryland to the Thirty-eighth Congress. In 1864 he was a delegate to the Baltimore Convention. In 1865 he was elected to the United States Senate for the unexpired term of Hon. T. H. **Hicks**, who died during that session. He took a prominent part in the important debates of this session, contributing materially to strengthen the hands of the Republicans. Next to General **Rawlins** he is the youngest member in the new Cabinet.



HON. HAMILTON FISH, SECRETARY OF STATE.—[Phot. by W. Kurtz, 895 & 897 Broadway.]



HON. GEORGE S. BOUTWELL, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.—[Phot. by Brady.]



HON. JOHN A. J. CRESSWELL, POSTMASTER-GENERAL.—[Phot. by Brady.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1869.

MESSRS. J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.

ON the 16th of January, 1869, the following letter was published in the London *Athenæum:*

PHILADELPHIA, *Jan.* 1, 1869.

We beg leave to call the attention of English authors and publishers to the following simple statement of facts which concern them no less than ourselves:

In accordance with our custom when publishing English books to make, if possible, a special arrangement with the author, or otherwise to lay aside a portion of the profits resulting from the publication for his use, we entered into an agreement with Mr. DILKE's publishers to reprint an American edition of his "Greater Britain." This was as far back as May, 1868, and immediately thereafter we made public announcement that the book was forthcoming. It was published in December. A few weeks previous to its appearance, however, and some five or six months after we ourselves had announced the book, the Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS also made public advertisement that they were about to issue it. They had been already sufficiently notified of our intention to republish "Greater Britain;" but as soon as we became aware of their purpose we informed them by letter of our arrangement with the author. The Messrs. HARPER, however, persisted in their determination; and, as a consequence, Mr. DILKE's work, bearing their imprint and offered at a merely nominal price, is now before the trade. Of course the author's anticipated profits, no less than our own, will be precluded by a proceeding so directly in contravention of the courtesies of the trade, and so well calculated, if persisted in, to destroy the remuneration to which foreign authors are equitably entitled.

A similar course to that above-mentioned was, we regret to say, pursued by the house in question on the appearance of Mr. TROLLOPE's "North America;" and the unremunerative price at which that work was published by the Messrs. HARPER destroyed our profits and, of course, prevented the author from receiving the share which otherwise would have accrued to him from the edition published by us.

As our object in making this communication is simply to place ourselves right before the public, we refrain from comment on the facts now presented. Whatever injury may result to English authors and publishers, should such practices become the rule instead of the exception, the responsibility will not rest upon us. J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co.

The avowed object of this letter is to place its authors "right before the public;" in other words, to present themselves to public attention as scrupulously honorable publishers in contrast with the Messrs. HARPER, whom the letter accuses of violating the courtesies of the trade; and that the public judgment may be fully informed, we subjoin the whole correspondence.

From this we think it appears:

1*st.* That when the Messrs. HARPER began the printing of the book they were entirely ignorant of the intention of Messrs. LIPPINCOTT & Co. to publish it.

2*d.* That Messrs. LIPPINCOTT & Co. did not make use of the ordinary and recognized channel of the trade to announce their intention.

3*d.* That the Messrs. HARPER did not persist in their determination to publish, but offered to withdraw upon condition that the edition of Messrs. LIPPINCOTT & Co. was printed in this country, and upon payment of the small expense already incurred.

The allusion to BULWER's novels in the letter of the Messrs. HARPER is due to the fact that, notwithstanding the mutually satisfactory arrangement between Lord LYTTON and the Messrs. HARPER, his works have been republished by Messrs. LIPPINCOTT & Co.; a proceeding in plain violation of the courtesies of the trade, and the necessary tendency of which is to destroy the remuneration of the foreign author.

PHILADELPHIA, *Dec.* 4, 1868.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers:

GENTLEMEN,—The *Nation* of yesterday announces that you have in press Mr. WENTWORTH DILKE's "Greater Britain." We would respectfully apprise you that by arrangement with Mr. DILKE's English publishers we have received the early sheets and electrotypes of the illustrations, for the purpose of reprinting the book. We have stereotyped the book, and will publish it in a few days. We pay a copyright on our sales.

We are, dear Sirs,
Yours truly,
(Sgd.) J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK, *Dec.* 5, 1868.

Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co.:

GENTLEMEN,—In reply to yours of yesterday we can only say that we duly announced DILKE's "Greater Britain," and have commenced the stereotyping of the work. Your note contains the first intimation that you intended to publish it.

Under these circumstances we think it no more than fair that you should pay us the expenses we have incurred, should we withdraw.

But, before we can consent to a withdrawal, we beg to inquire whether your edition is printed in this country from stereotype plates made in this country?

And, while we think of it, allow us to ask whether your edition of BULWER's novels is printed in this country?

Yours, very truly,
(Sgd.) HARPER & BROTHERS.

PHILADELPHIA, *Dec.* 7, 1868.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers:

GENTLEMEN,—Yours of the 5th is received, and in reply we have to say that we announced "Greater Britain" as long ago as May 1 (See CHILDS's *Publishers' Circular*), and have since kept the announcement public to as great an extent as we thought could be at all necessary for the information of the trade. We stereotyped the work at our own office, and have it printing. The only announcement we have seen now of your proposed edition is that in the "Literary Notes" of the *Nation* of December 3.

We print our edition of BULWER from plates which we purchased of a stereotyper here, who made them on his own account with the view of farming them out.

We believe we have answered all the inquiries of your letter, and have only to add that we receive the early sheets of "Greater Britain" from the author, and have agreed to pay a copyright therefor. It seems to us that we have done every thing in the matter that can reasonably be expected of us; have we not?

Truly yours,
(Sgd.) J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK, *Dec.* 8, 1868.

Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co.:

GENTLEMEN,—We have yours of yesterday. We duly announced "Greater Britain" on the 25th of November in the *Commercial Advertiser* of this city, which has been for many years considered by the Trade the official place for announcements of reprints, so as to prevent the occurrence of difficulties of this character.

We presume that your announcement "as long ago as May 1" was made *before* the work was received by you, and *not* in the organ we have referred to.

Under the circumstances we think that our suggestion of the 5th is the fair solution of our present mutual misunderstanding.

We frankly say that your explanation in regard to your edition of BULWER does not in our opinion justify the act of discourtesy toward us on your part.

Yours truly,
(Sgd.) HARPER & BROTHERS.

The correspondence here ended.

That Messrs. J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co. may be enabled still further "to place themselves right before the public," we subjoin some extracts from a correspondence, which will show:

1*st.* That in September last the Messrs. HARPER arranged with Messrs. MACMILLAN & Co., of London, to publish from early sheets and electrotypes Sir SAMUEL BAKER's "Cast up by the Sea."

2*d.* That in October Messrs. LIPPINCOTT & Co. were informed of this arrangement by Messrs. MACMILLAN & Co.

3*d.* That, by an error of shipment, the electrotypes were sent to Messrs. LIPPINCOTT & Co., instead of the Messrs. HARPER.

4*th.* That in December Messrs. LIPPINCOTT & Co. received them, and, knowing that they were intended for the Messrs. HARPER's edition of the work, withheld them; and in January published the book themselves, at a low price.

5*th.* That not until a month after the issue of their edition did Messrs. LIPPINCOTT & Co. inform the Messrs. HARPER that they had in their possession electrotypes which they knew, when they received them, were intended for the Messrs. HARPER, to enable them to fulfill their engagement with Sir SAMUEL BAKER's English publishers.

From Messrs. Macmillan & Co. to Messrs. Harper & Brothers, Sept. 30, 1868.

In reply to your letter of 1st inst., proposing two alternatives for Sir SAMUEL BAKER's "Cast up by the Sea," we choose the first, viz., to deliver the early sheets and electros free of expense and sufficiently in advance of English publication to admit of simultaneous issue in America; and a royalty of 10 per cent. on your retail price for all copies of the work sold for five years after publication.

In conformity with this arrangement you shall very shortly have some of the sheets, and the electros, which are for full-page illustrations, will follow.

From Messrs. Harper & Brothers to Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Jan. 14, 1869.

* * * * Though "Cast up by the Sea" has been reviewed in London, we have as yet no advice from you of the shipment of the electros. Your last letter on the subject (Nov. 26, 1868) says, "We hope to send you the electros early next week." Since then we have heard nothing of them.

The result of this delay and inattention has been the prior publication of the book by J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., of Philadelphia, whose advertisement, from this morning's paper, we inclose herewith.

From Messrs. Macmillan & Co. to Messrs. Harper & Brothers, January 30, 1869.

We have heard with much annoyance that the parcel of electros of engravings of "Cast up by the Sea" has been sent to Messrs. Lippincott instead of to you. * * * We can only say that we regret the accident very much, and the delay it has caused.

From Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. to Messrs. Harper & Brothers, February 13, 1869.

Some time since we received, without advice, a box containing electrotypes. Believing it came from Messrs. Macmillan & Co., London, we advised them of its arrival, and asked them to give us an explanation, if they had sent it. We are now advised by them that the box was intended for you.

From Mr. George Lillie Craik (of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.) to Messrs. Harper & Brothers, February 27, 1869.

My partner is writing to you to-day, and will give you the particulars you ask about Lippincott's receiving the electros of "Cast up by the Sea." The business has vexed and annoyed us much. Lippincott was well aware that we had arranged with you months before; and we can not believe that there could have been any doubt in their minds about its being an accident, the electros going to them. I blame Lippincott —having had direct information, on the 28th of October, that we had arranged with you—that he did not act fairly and transfer to you at once a package obviously intended for you.

In the words of Messrs. J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., "We refrain from comment on the facts now presented."

THE CABINET.

THE changes in the Cabinet necessitated by the resignation of Mr. STEWART and of Mr. WASHBURNE and the nomination of General RAWLINS have been favorably received by the country and by the party.

Mr. HAMILTON FISH, the Secretary of State, is a well-known citizen of spotless character and of long political experience, with a certain solid good sense and just instinct which have ranged him always upon the side of liberty and progress in our politics. He has not been a Republican leader in the technical sense; but has always commanded the respect and confidence of the party. He is of the same temperament with the President, and their views of a sound and firm foreign policy undoubtedly coincide.

Mr. GEORGE S. BOUTWELL, the Secretary of the Treasury, carries into his Department the highest personal character, great ability, and long and varied experience in public affairs. As we said in the case of Mr. STEWART, and as must be said in that of any man in the country who should be summoned to the Treasury, his especial qualifications for a sagacious and successful administration can be proved only by experience. Mr. BOUTWELL believes firmly in the necessity of the ascendency of the Republican party to the welfare of the country; but he is undoubtedly equally persuaded that nothing will commend that party to continued support more than capacity, industry, fidelity, and economy in the public service. While, therefore, he will undoubtedly prefer Republicans in his appointments, he will not accept mere "radicalism" as a receipt in full of the fitness of a candidate.

General RAWLINS has been the Chief-of-Staff to the armies of the United States, and his military career has been conspicuous and illustrious. The President knows perfectly the man and the duties of the office to which he has called him—and no appointment could command more satisfaction.

If the Cabinet as now arranged does not prove to be what the President hopes we may be very sure that it will be changed. But we trust that he will not think it necessary to lose the services of a man so thoroughly able and so acceptable to the best judgment of the country as Attorney-General HOAR merely because he is from the same State with the Secretary of the Treasury.

OUR FOREIGN POLICY.

THE Diplomatic Corps in Washington were recently introduced to the President "in their elegant court costumes." BARON VON GEROLT, the Prussian Minister, made the speech of congratulation, to which the President replied, heartily thanking their Excellencies, and adding that it would be his endeavor to maintain the relations of peace and friendship with all nations that this country now enjoys. The interview suggests a glance at our foreign relations; and it is evident, in the first place, that their harmony is not likely to be marred by any eccentric or passionate conduct upon the part of the Secretary of State. That, also, is equally true of the President. But it is no less evident that the President's foreign policy is not likely to be controlled by the Secretary or by the Ministers who may be sent abroad. There will also positively be no place or opportunity for M'CRACKEN under this Administration. The foreign policy will be a unit.

The only real perplexity in our foreign relations at this time is the English question. How that will probably be settled is an inquiry of great importance. We learn privately, from a well-informed source, that some of those who were distinctively our friends during the war deeply regret the rejection of the JOHNSON treaty. But that rejection was a foregone conclusion, and it should show England precisely what the feeling of this country is. The treaty has never been considered upon its merits. It was a great deal better treaty than has been supposed in this country; and, as we think, and as many of the leading English journals conceded, virtually involved a surrender of the English position. But it was regarded here as the work of a Minister of Southern sympathies, who had begun his career in England by ostentatiously fraternizing with our chief English enemies, and whose vanity had betrayed him an easy prey to the selfish diplomacy of John Bull. The personal feeling in this country toward Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON was quite enough to prejudice public opinion fatally against any treaty he might conclude.

Then the sore sense of injury which the official conduct of England during the war had excited in the American mind is wholly unhealed, and this the English seem never to have comprehended. The evident eagerness to see our destruction which that conduct evinced affected the country more deeply than the pecuniary losses it occasioned. The refusal to await the arrival of Mr. ADAMS in London; the proclamation; the open building and equipping of rebel privateers in England; their hospitable reception in British ports; the evasive stomachaches of the Crown's counsel at the time of the escape of the *Alabama;* the belt of fire around the globe from burning American ships kindled by British torches; the base and malignant sneers of the British press, and the unfriendly words of leading British statesmen, all combined with the hereditary hostility to England, have produced a feeling in the United States which will apparently be satisfied by nothing but a virtual apology and offer of such indemnity as we may demand.

Yet this feeling, as we have more than once remarked, really leads to no settlement but war, or a tranquil waiting for revenge in kind. If we do not propose to allow the question of responsibility to be discussed, and require England to concede it as a preliminary to any treaty, we of course demand the concession of the whole subject; and nothing remains but to verify the claims. But the treaty begins by referring the responsibility to arbitration, which our feeling interprets as leaving to arbitration the injury to our honor. Plainly this is an end of the whole matter, and the merits of the treaty itself have not been considered. That the feeling of this country of which we speak is correct in supposing that the treaty leaves the responsibility to arbitration is proved by Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON's speech at Manchester on the 28th of February, in which he expressly says so. But when he says that "we are willing" to take this course, he exactly misrepresents the fact; for it is precisely our *un*willingness that has defeated his treaty.

Now the President's view of the subject is probably very clear and decided. The report of his expression of opinion some weeks since may have been incorrect as to terms, but very possibly represents his feeling. If it does, the condition of further negotiation will apparently be a preliminary acknowledgment of responsibility by the British Government. Rather than concede it, that Government will probably take the risk of leaving the question open. But the risk is tremendous. Englishmen must see that, in case of any war, their commerce would be destroyed by a swarm of American *Alabamas*, and that it is for the incalculable advantage of England that arbitration should hold her responsible. We believe that this is also the better sense of England. The people of that country will surely not insist upon the preposterous principle that a neutral can suffer privateers to be built in her yards to ravage the commerce of an ally; or that belligerent maritime rights can be granted to a belligerent without a port. Is the British Government ready to do directly what this better sense would approve if done indirectly? That is the point which the new Administration will probably propose.

OUR PRESENT CONDITION.

THE statement made by the Clearing-House on Saturday, March 6, as compared with the preceding weekly statement, shows the following changes: Loans, $717,986 increase; specie, $1,345,969 decrease; legal-tenders, $1,689,685 decrease; net deposits, $2,611,738 decrease; circulation, $27,904 increase, which will appear to be unfavorable. This is partly due to the efforts of speculators in this market to prevent a rise in the securities of the Government, and partly to the transfer of funds to the South to pay for cotton. The return for the week ending March 13 shows the following variations, as compared with that of the 6th: Loans, $420,188 decrease; specie, $2,127,693 decrease; legal-tenders, $494,256 increase; net deposits, $211,979 decrease; circulation, $414,560 increase, which indicates some, but not much, improvement.

The market for cotton (middling) on the 6th was as follows: Upland Florida, 29¼; Mobile, 29½; New Orleans, 29¾; Texas, 30. Although it was somewhat more active the effort to "galvanize the market" did not succeed. It appears that owing to the lower relative price in Manchester of the cotton goods as compared with raw cotton some manufacturers had failed, others had partially stopped work, and there appeared to be a renewed disposition to resort to short time. The anomaly, therefore, of a better market here for middlings than in Manchester exists. The market on Saturday, the 13th of March, was as follows: Upland Florida, 28¼; Mobile, 28¾; New Orleans, 29; Texas, 29¼; showing a slight decline.

The South, not being well supplied with banking facilities, has an eye constantly to the building up of its finances, and with a high price for cotton, and the advantage of the legalization of gold contracts, resulting from the dictum of the Supreme Court of the United States in the case of BRONSON *vs.* RHODES, will withdraw from those countries which manufacture cotton as much gold and silver as she can obtain to constitute a basis for her financial dealings. This at the outset will be easy, but as the process comes to be felt in other markets it will assume the shape of a severe contest. We can not be indifferent spectators of this movement, as it gives a solidity to that quarter favorable to the ultimate stability of the whole Union. With the Pacific States and the Southern States sound in this respect, the recovery of the Atlantic States from their present abnormal condition must be facilitated. Our Southern States have only to be firm in their present policy of preferring gold and silver to any form of paper currency to accomplish the most important results for them and for all.

The resolutions offered by Mr. SCHENCK that our bonds shall be deemed payable in gold except where the stipulation is expressed to pay them in currency, and declaring that all future contracts payable in gold shall be enforced in gold, failed by reason of the action of President JOHNSON, who omitted to give them his approval; but what fell from the Court in the case referred to, although the question did not arise in the case, has been accepted as a sufficient adjudication of the point that such contracts are legal. The present Congress, in view of this decision of the Court, has reaffirmed the resolution that our bonds shall be deemed payable in gold, and omitted, we think erroneously, the portion relating to gold contracts.

The expediency of legalizing them results from the fact that the case of **BRONSON** against **RHODES** was a case which arose upon a bond and mortgage executed *prior* to the Legal-Tender Act of February, 1862; and although the bond by its terms was made payable in "gold and silver coin, lawful money of the United States," the decision of that case does not necessarily involve the decision of one arising upon a contract made since. A majority of the court, however, in the opinion given, went to the extent of declaring that a contract made since payable in gold would be binding. This action of the court was due in great part to the omission of Congress to take any steps toward a return to specie payments, and was accepted by the country as correct, owing to the strong interest felt in various quarters in the legalization of gold contracts. California, the Southern States, and all merchants who kept gold accounts had a strong desire to have their transactions, which stood, as they supposed, on no other basis than the honor of the parties, placed upon the firm basis of law. They justly reasoned that, if their contracts in gold were made to stand on this footing, that gold would be obtained to perform them, and that it would consequently be held in this country.

In advance of the promulgation of the opinion delivered by Mr. **CHASE**, the only interest which existed for retaining gold and silver in the United States was that which arose from the act requiring duties to be paid in gold, and the act declaring that interest on the Five-twenties and Ten-forties shall be paid in that medium. The efforts of the country to hold the precious metals within our own limits were, with the exception of the Pacific coast, limited to these wants. The residue was expelled; but now, as there is a deep interest for retaining the amount required for performing contracts made in that medium, the opinion in question, although strictly what is called by lawyers *obiter dictum*, may be regarded as the first step in the direction of the necessary reform in our currency. It will be expedient to regard this new feature in this light, and we regret to see the decrease for two weeks announced in the Clearing-House of $3,957,707 in the specie account. Every soundly-managed bank will take notice of the change required by the new policy; but as we are not likely to have a sound policy inaugurated in such institutions, men of wealth who feel an obligation to aid a return to specie payments should be willing to do what the generality of banks seem disposed to omit, and obtain and specially deposit gold. It will be a fallacy to suppose that our legal tenders can be made equal to gold, except by such aid. This advantage must result from the condition, not of the Treasury merely, but of the country at large, and must be the work of time and improved strength. Banks like the Chemical and Bank of America are favorably situated for taking the initiative in a movement which will by degrees place all sound institutions on the specie basis. There is always danger of a relapse into the condition of a currency hopelessly irredeemable, if the policy in the opposite direction is allowed to slacken. The opportunity for constant improvement due to the legalizing of gold contracts should not be lost, and should secure the constant attention of Mr. **BOUTWELL**. An office in New York for redeeming the notes of interior banks, as recommended by Mr. **CLARK** when Controller of the Treasury, would exercise a powerful influence in the right direction.

There is much in the situation now to inspire confidence, not only as to the present position of trade, but also as to the future. When **GRANT** and **SEYMOUR** were nominated, the one by the Republican, the other by the Democratic party, we had reached the point where the roads fork. Instead of taking that which led to the payment of the bonds in currency and to consequent repudiation, it is an inexpressible relief to know that the road toward specie payments, to honor and ultimate success, was taken. The tone of the inaugural of President **GRANT** will be approved by the outside world; but what is of more importance, instead of sinking down into the condition of acknowledged inferiority, which would have resulted from the acceptance and ascendency of the repudiating platform, an American to-day may stand erect, proud of the unequivocal honesty of the Administration.

THE REVOKED PARDONS.

ONE of President **GRANT'S** first acts was to revoke the pardons of notorious offenders issued by his predecessor just as he was leaving office. And, indeed, why President **JOHNSON** did not order a general jail-delivery is not clear. If there was a thing that his late lamentable Excellency enjoyed, it was pardoning counterfeiters and whisky thieves. His sympathy for the latter has been declared to be explicable, but that for the counterfeiters was a deliberate blow at the poorest people in the country. It is the old apple-women and poor widows and the hard day-laborers who suffer from spurious money—not the capitalists, who can detect it, or who can endure the loss. But there was probably an inward necessity in the case. Mr. **JOHNSON** was such an intolerable sham himself that he had a resistless sympathy for counterfeiters. There was indeed no reason, if he had the right to issue his Christmas proclamation, why Mr. **JOHNSON** should not have celebrated his closing of the White House doors by opening those of every State Prison in the country, and by a general immunity to those who were as yet unaccused of their crimes. There was, in fact, no reason in his character or career why he did not commit any folly whatever.

The authority of President **GRANT** to revoke the undelivered pardons of his predecessor is denied in some quarters. But it was not **ANDREW JOHNSON**, it was the President of the United States who signed the pardons. If, then, for any reason he changes his mind before the pardon takes effect, he may properly withhold it. Suppose that he is pardoning a man believed to be unjustly imprisoned, and before the pardon the President has evidence that he has been deceived, and that the delinquent deserves tenfold heavier punishment than he is receiving, may he not order the pardon not to be delivered?

It is urged that when Mr. **JOHNSON** signed the pardons he did all that he could do, namely, he expressed his will to relieve the prisoners. But if it were not Mr. **JOHNSON** but the President who did this, and subsequently the President's will changes, the President may properly revoke that order as he may any other. The Constitution, of course, contemplates a permanency of the executive power, whatever becomes of the person exercising it; and any act of executive authority not yet accomplished may by the same authority be revoked. If the Executive, on the 3d of March, had prepared a message to Congress recommending war with England, but the Secretary had not yet delivered it, would the Executive, on the 5th of March, whether the same or a different person, be obliged to send it? If not, certainly President **GRANT** is not bound to confirm the unaccomplished acts of President **JOHNSON**.

SENATOR HALE'S BRIBERY BILL.

THE Report of Senator **HALE** upon the alleged corruption in regard to Railway legislation in this State should be very carefully read as illustrative of the hopelessness of reaching and punishing bribery under the present laws. The Report establishes conclusively that large sums of money were corruptly spent in the session of 1868 by those who were interested in Railway legislation; that lobbyists were thus enriched; that there is no proof of the actual bribery of any Senator, the Assemblymen not being mentioned, and that the charges in the *Tribune* and other newspapers were made upon rumor only and without evidence. The *Tribune* retorts that the Report reveals only what could not be concealed, and that only fools will believe that the Lobby pocketed more than the Legislature.

Whatever may be the faith of fools or the relative guilt of the Lobby and the members of the Legislature, the public opinion of the State is firmly persuaded that there is immense corruption at Albany. Every person familiar with what is called practical politics undoubtedly knows of the offer of bribes to affect votes, and of the payment of very large sums of money to prevent or to promote legislation; and every body knows that such a system can have but one result, and that the most disastrous possible. But under the existing law nothing is done to remedy the difficulty, and nothing is practicable. As Senator **HALE** most truly says, both parties, who can generally have knowledge of the crime, are now liable to the same punishment. He has, therefore, introduced a bill, of which the Committee recommend the passage, by which the giver of a bribe which is accepted shall be exempt from prosecution. This provision offers the means of obtaining proof, and it tends directly to the decrease of bribery by putting the briber wholly in the power of the bribed. Whoever wishes to bribe must be very sure indeed of his man.

The same general provision was introduced in the new Constitution by Mr. **OPDYKE**, who submitted an admirable Report upon the subject, and to protect those who may be unjustly charged with the crime it is provided that accused persons may testify in their own behalf. Such a change is at least one step toward an imperative reform. It will, we are very sure, be hastened by the Report of Senator **HALE**.

THE MAN ON HORSEBACK.

AMONG the other horrible spectres that have risen in the Democratic imagination with the inauguration of the General who unconditionally subdued the rebellion is Mr. **CALEB CUSHING'S** "Man on Horseback." In one of that gentleman's speeches before the war he admonished us that if we did not submit immediately to the will of Mr. **ROBERT TOOMBS**, Mr. **BENJAMIN**, Mr. **MASON**, Mr. **SLIDELL**, Mr. **DAVIS**, Mr. **WIGFALL**, and their obedient, humble servants, "the Democracy of the North"—if we continued to prate of liberty and equal rights and civilization when those eminent gentlemen, our natural rulers, had intimated their wish to flog and multiply their slaves in peace—why, our willful disobedience could end in one thing only—"an epauleted Emperor on horseback to relieve the dissonant din of the raving ideologies of the hour."

Mr. G. P. R. **JAMES** was never content with less than two horsemen, but Mr. **CALEB CUSHING** thought that one would serve our turn.

This was the way in which the Democratic orators tried to whip in the conscience and common-sense of the American people. To compel us to yield to the despotism of a man-selling oligarchy they threatened us with a military despot. To persuade us that the residuary legatees of that oligarchy ought to be intrusted with the Government they now announce that General **GRANT** is the man on horseback of Mr. **CALEB CUSHING'S** vision.

Mr. **CALEB CUSHING** was what the Democracy called "a statesman." Mr. **HORATIO SEYMOUR** was another. The country is respectfully invited to deplore the absence of such "statesmen" and "statesmanship" from the present Administration.

MR. STEWART.

THE delay in consequence of the ineligibility of Mr. **STEWART** afforded that gentleman an opportunity of making one of those noble propositions which may be distinctively described as American. Undoubtedly the honor offered him was great. The position itself is honorable. The confidence of General **GRANT** is an honor. The universal feeling that the public service would immensely gain by his appointment was in the highest degree honorable. But if all these things were honorable, certainly not less so was his own intention.

To Mr. **STEWART** personally the affair has been wholly creditable. When his name was sent into the Senate, amidst the outcry of surprise and consternation among cliques and sets, there was no question of his fitness, no doubt of the signal efficiency and economy with which he would conduct the business of his Department. If Mr. **STEWART** is grateful to the President for the honor that he wished to confer upon him, he can hardly be less so for the expression of public confidence in his ability which the President's intention evoked.

NOTES.

OUR friend the Easy Chair of *Harper's Magazine*, whose views are singularly harmonious with our own, lately spoke of a masterly copy of **TURNER'S** famous picture of the *old Temeraire*, by T. C. **FARRAR** of this city. Mr. **FARRAR'S** fidelity and skill in such work are remarkable. His sympathetic study in the school of **MILLAIS** and **HOLMAN HUNT** has admirably trained his power of patient elaboration, and his copies that we have seen deserve all the praises they have received. Mr. **FARRAR** goes abroad early in April, and will execute commissions for copies of **TURNER** or of other masters whose works seldom cross the sea. His studio is at 1267 Broadway, and we can very safely promise the greatest satisfaction to those who may intrust orders to him.

MR. ALEXANDER MACMILLAN, the English publisher, was in this country a few months since, and upon his return read at Cambridge, in England, where he resides, a lecture upon the Yankees, in which he gives his impressions of that people. His observations are friendly and kindly. Mr. **MACMILLAN** had the sincerest wish to produce a good understanding between his own country and ours, and if the spirit of his judgments should universally prevail it would be hard even for an *Alabama* treaty seriously to imperil our mutual peaceful relations. The lecture of Mr. **MACMILLAN** is privately printed; but we are very sure his hearers left the hall with a more intelligent sympathy for their Yankee brethren.

THE Senate has made an admirable choice of President *pro tem.* in Senator **HENRY B. ANTHONY**, of Rhode Island. He is a man of great political sagacity and experience, entirely familiar with parliamentary rules, and of urbane manners. He has been always in public life, and early reached the highest political honors of his native State. Efficient, diligent, and courteous in the discharge of his duties, the honor conferred upon him by his fellow-Senators is the highest tribute of their respect and regard.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

March 8:

In the Senate, Rev. Dr. Newman, a Methodist clergyman, was chosen chaplain.

March 9:

In the House, Rev. J. G. Butler was chosen chaplain.—The Tenure-of-Office bill was again repealed, with only 16 dissentient votes.

March 10:

In the Senate, the bill to repeal the Tenure-of-Office Act was referred to the Judiciary Committee.

March 12:

In the House, Mr. Butler's resolution for a joint committee on Indian matters was generally discussed and finally passed by a vote of 93 to 47.—A concurrent resolution for an adjournment on Friday, the 26th inst., was agreed to.—A resolution instructing the Judiciary Committee to report a bill to prevent frauds in naturalization, and to secure the surrender of fraudulent naturalization papers already issued was adopted.—Mr. Schenck introduced his public credit bill, and the second section being stricken out the bill was passed by a vote of 97 to 48.

SENATE COMMITTEES.

Mr. Sumner remains at the head of the Foreign Relations; Mr. Sherman, of the Finances; Mr. Chandler, of the Commerce; Mr. Cameron, of Agriculture; Mr. Wilson, of Military Affairs; Mr. Grimes, of Naval Affairs; Mr. Trumbull, of the Judiciary; Mr. Ramsay, of Post-Offices; Mr. Pomeroy, of Public Lands; Mr. Williams, of Private Land Claims; Mr. Howe, of Claims; Mr. Willey, of Patents; Mr. Howard, of Pacific Railroad; Mr. Drake, of Education; Mr. Conkling, of Revision of the Laws; Mr. Cragin, on the Expenses of the Senate; Mr. Anthony, on Printing; Mr. Fessenden succeeds Mr. Morrill, of Maine, as Chairman of the Appropriation Committee; Mr. Morton succeeds Mr. Sprague as Chairman of Manufactures; Mr. Harlan takes the place of Mr. Henderson at the head of Indian Affairs; and Mr. Edmunds succeeds Mr. Van Winkle as Chairman of Pensions.

Senator Anthony, of Rhode Island, was on the 10th elected President *pro tem.* of the Senate.

Hon. E. B. Washburne has been nominated and confirmed as Minister to France.

The New Hampshire election on the 8th resulted in a Republican victory, Onslow Stearns having been elected Governor by a majority of 4000, larger than was given for the party last year.. All the Republican nominees for Congress were elected.

The Georgia Republican State Convention met in Atlanta on the 5th. It denounced the action of the State Legislature; asked that Congress would provide for the rigid enforcement of its own enactments by reassembling the persons elected to the General Assembly last April; expressed its opposition to the remanding of the State to military government, and heartily indorsed the new Administration and the Fifteenth Amendment.

The Georgia House of Representatives ratified the Fifteenth Amendment on the 11th.

John M. Binckley, Solicitor of Internal Revenue, was removed on the 8th.

A singular statement has been made by a man, known as William C. Cunningham, who was arrested last summer on a charge of bigamy, made against him by Miss Louise Aymer, of Tarrytown, whom he had married. He declares that Logan No. 2, who was his intimate friend, murdered Rogers, because the latter had been the principal witness against him in a case of burglary, for which he was tried and convicted in Paterson, New Jersey.

The Pennsylvania Senate ratified the Fifteenth Amendment on the 11th.

The Virginia Republican State Convention met on the 9th at Petersburg, and the Wells and anti-Wells men engaged in two heavy fist fights, so violent that the hall had to be cleared by the police. The next day the Convention again assembled and nominated H. H. Wells for Governor.

All the Pacific Railroad Commissioners, except Mr. Williams, were removed by the President on the 6th.

Hon. T. S. Faxton has subscribed $10,000 for the endowment of a Professorship of Natural Science in Hamilton College, at Clinton, New York, on condition that the citizens of Utica and vicinity subscribe an additional sum of $20,000.

On the 7th, as some men were cutting a road through the snow-drift near Peacham Corners, Vermont, they came upon the frozen bodies of Mrs. Emmons, aged sixty years, her daughter, and her grandson. The old lady had fallen, overcome by the cold and snow, half a mile from a farmer's house, through the windows of which a light was shining all night, while the daughter had approached a little nearer, and the boy was within two rods of the window. He had evidently dragged himself some distance on his hands and knees. The old lady had been turned out of doors at Hardwick for non-payment of rent.

The night of March 5-6 was a terrible one for Chicago. There were eight fires; in attempting to put out one of them, on Canal Street, four firemen lost their lives.

A boiler explosion occurred at Rochester on the 8th, and three men were killed.

President Grant on Sunday, the 14th, occupied the pew set apart for him in the Metropolitan Methodist Church, Washington. He is a trustee of the church.

The Fifteenth Amendment passed the Arkansas Senate on the 13th by a vote of 19 to 3.

Hon. James Guthrie, late United States Senator from Kentucky, died in Louisville on the 13th.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.

ON the 1st of March Mr. Gladstone, in a brilliant speech, lasting fully four hours, laid before the Parliament his bill for the disestablishment of the Irish Church.

SPAIN.

Judging from the debate in the Cortes on the 8th, the Republicans fear the elevation of Montpensier to the throne. They demanded that the Duke should be deprived of his title of Marshal. To this General Prim strongly objected, and Admiral Topete expressed his preference for a monarchy, with Montpensier, to a republic. Marshal Serrano calmly asserted the sovereignty of the Cortes over the whole matter, and deprecated the pressure brought to bear upon that body by the Republican party. The Spanish Government has telegraphed to General Dulce to suspend the execution of insurgents condemned to death in Cuba. The Minister of Finance has asked for 1,000,000,000 reals to meet extraordinary expenses. Minister Sagosta asked power to raise 25,000 recruits. This power was granted, but resolutions were passed by the Cortes to discontinue military conscriptions.

Intense dissatisfaction has been created among the Roman Catholic clergy by the toleration of Protestant worship in Madrid.

PRUSSIA.

On the 26th of February Count Bismarck accepted an invitation to dine with George Bancroft at the American Legation in Berlin on the 4th of March—the day of Grant's inauguration.

CUBA.

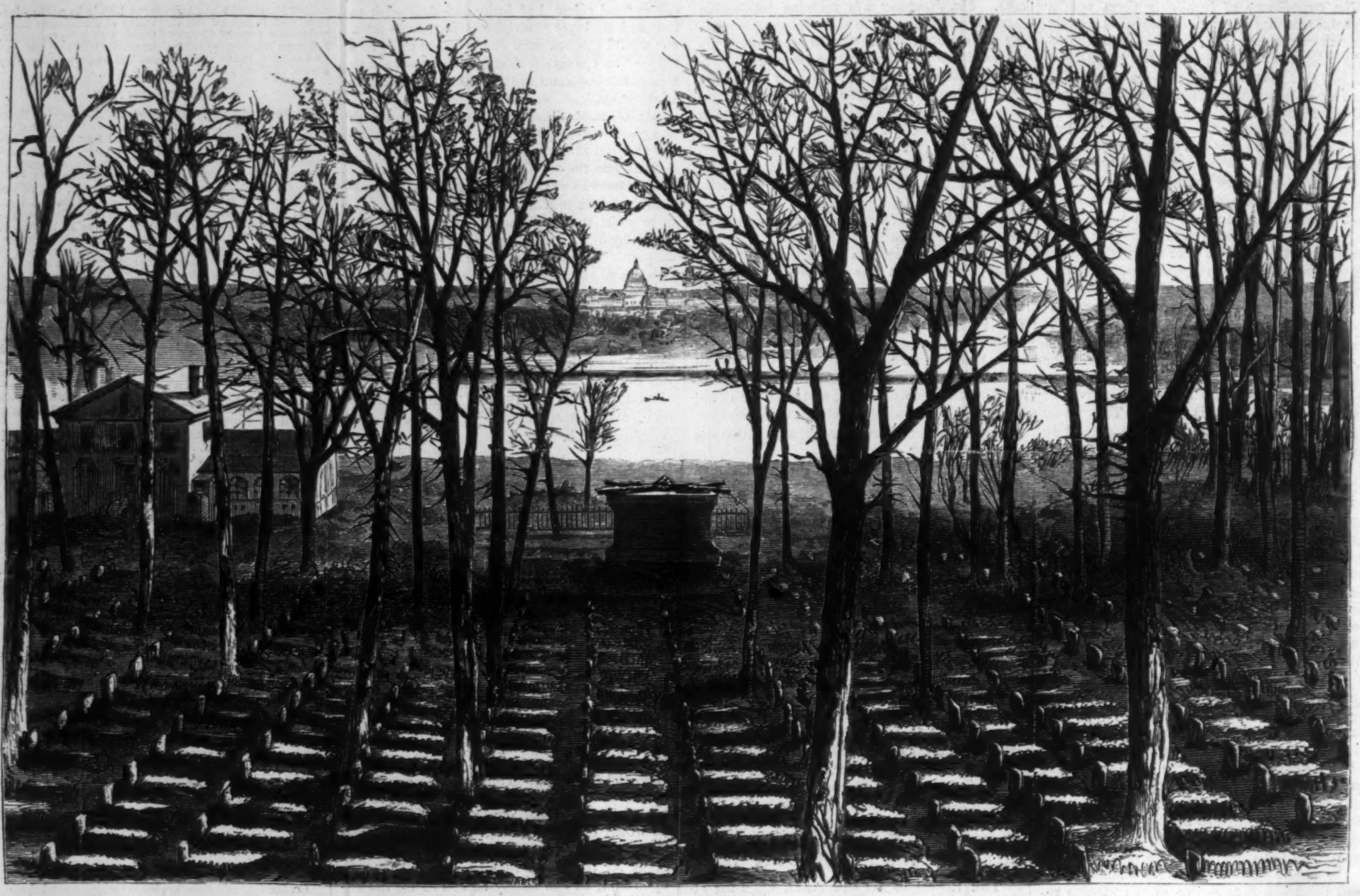
General Lesca, in his march from La Guanaja to Puerto Prince, found the rebels, 4000 strong, intrenched on the Sierra de Cubilas. A battle was fought, which, according to the Government reports, resulted in a victory for Lesca, the rebels losing 1000 killed and wounded. In the Eastern Department many depredations are committed by those who carry the rebel flag, but whom the insurgents denounce as banditti. On the 9th the insurgent General Cabot was shot by his captors.

The town of Mayari, the head-quarters of the rebels in the Eastern Department, occupied by 2000 insurgents, is reported to be captured by the Government troops. The insurgents had intended to make Mayari their seat of government.

The Cuban Revolutionary Assembly, convened in the Central Department, has decreed the immediate abolition of slavery, with indemnification to slaveholders sympathizing with the Cuban cause. The freedmen are to have the same rights and privileges as white men; they are also to bear arms.

MEXICO.

The rebels under Negrete have been defeated by Alatorre at Tlascala. Negrete himself had a narrow escape. The Mexican Government is confident of the speedy suppression of the revolt. Executions are frequent. Among them is Estevas, one of Negrete's chief officers, charged with an attempt to assassinate President Juarez.



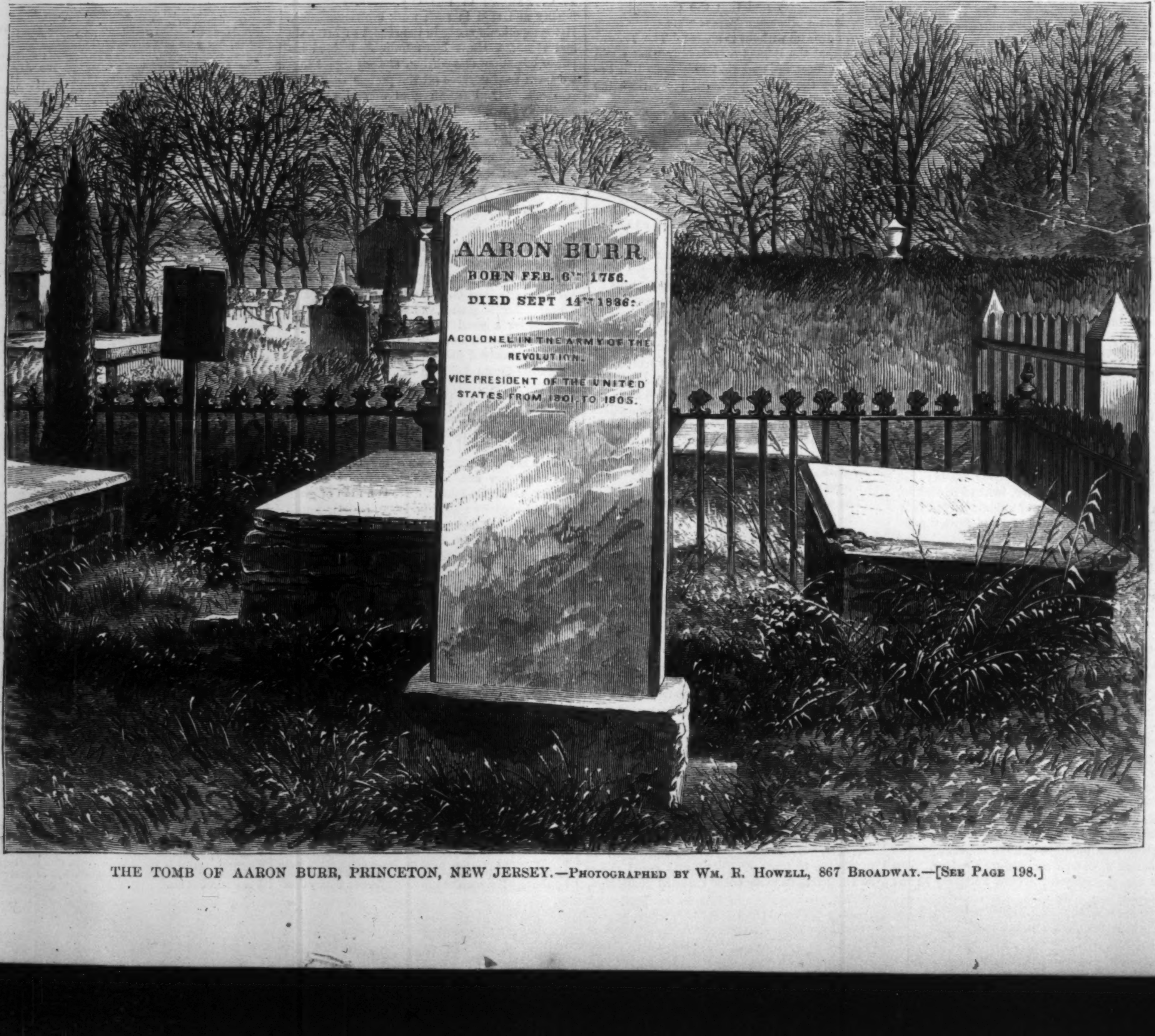
SOLDIERS' CEMETERY AT ARLINGTON HEIGHTS, VIRGINIA.—[SKETCHED BY THEO. R. DAVIS.]

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS CEMETERY.

IT is estimated that the number of graves filled by Union soldiers, dying in hospital or killed in battle, is over 300,000. The occupants of one-third of these are unknown. About 50,000 soldiers were drowned, or killed in battle and never buried, or occupy graves that have never been recognized.

A large number of our soldier dead rest in national cemeteries at Gettysburg, City Point, Chattanooga, Murfreesborough, and other places, where the burial-grounds have been carefully inclosed, and laid out with taste. In addition to these national cemeteries there are others which have sprung up at Washington and elsewhere by the accumulation of interments, chiefly from hospitals, and which have since been inclosed and partially cared for. Among these are the soldier cemeteries about Washington, including Arlington and Alexandria.

Our illustration shows the cemetery at Arlington Heights. The place is one crowded with sad and glorious memories. Here, in 1802, G. W. P. CUSTIS, the adopted son of WASHINGTON, built his mansion upon an estate of one thousand acres left him by his father. Across the Potomac not only the Capitol but also the other


AARON BURR.
BORN FEB. 6TH 1756.
DIED SEPT 14TH 1836.
A COLONEL IN THE ARMY OF THE REVOLUTION.
VICE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES FROM 1801 TO 1805.

THE TOMB OF AARON BURR, PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY WM. R. HOWELL, 867 BROADWAY.—[SEE PAGE 198.]

prominent buildings of Washington are distinctly visible from this eminence. ROBERT E. LEE, the noted Rebel General, came into the possession of this estate by his marriage with the daughter and heiress of Mr. CUSTIS. Soon after the war broke out the National forces took possession of the property for military purposes, and this appropriation of the estate still continues.

THAT BOY OF NORCOTT'S.

CHAPTER XXIX.

AN UNLOOKED-FOR MEETING.

I COULD more easily record my sensations in the paroxysm of a fever than recall how I passed that night. I am aware that I wrote a long letter to my mother, and a longer to Sara, both to be dispatched in case ill befell me in my encounter. What I said to either, or how I said it, I know not.

No more can I explain why I put all my papers together in such fashion that they could be thrown into the fire at once, without leaving any, the slightest, clew to trace me by. That secret, which I had affected to hold so cheaply, did in reality possess some strange fascination for me, and I desired to be a puzzle and an enigma even after I was gone.

It wanted one short hour of dawn when I had finished; but I was still too much excited to sleep. I knew how unfavorably I should come to the encounter before me with jarred nerves and the weariness of a night's watching; but it was too late now to help that; too late, besides, to speculate on what men would say of such a causeless duel, brought on, as I could not conceal from myself, by my hot temper. By the time I had taken my cold bath my nerves became more braced, and I scarcely felt a trace of fatigue or exhaustion. The gray morning was just breaking as I stole quietly down stairs and issued forth into the court-yard. A heavy fall of snow had occurred in the night, and an unbroken expanse of billowy whiteness spread out before me, save where, from a corner of the court, some foot-tracks led toward the riding-school. I saw, therefore, that I was not the first at the tryst, and I hastened on in all speed.

Six or eight young men, closely muffled in furs, stood at the door as I came up, and gravely uncovered to me. They made way for me to pass in without speaking, and while stamping the snow from my boots, I said something about the cold of the morning; they muttered what might mean assent or the reverse, in a low, half-sulky tone, that certainly little invited to further remark.

For a few seconds they talked together in whispers, and then a tall, ill-favored fellow, with a deep scar from the cheek-bone to the upper lip, came abruptly up to me.

"Look here, young fellow," said he. "I am to act as your second, and though, of course, I'd like to know that the man I handled was a gentleman, I do not ask you to tell any thing about yourself that you prefer to keep back. I would only say that, if ugly consequences come of this stupid business, the blame must fall upon you. Your temper provoked it, is that not true?"

I nodded assent, and he went on:

"So far, all right. The next point is this. We are all on honor that, whatever happens, not a word or a syllable shall ever escape us. Do you agree to this?"

"I agree," said I, calmly.

"Give me your hand on it."

I gave him my hand, and as he held it in his own he said, "On the faith of a gentleman, I will never reveal to my last day what shall pass here this morning."

I repeated the words after him, and we moved on into the school.

* * * * * *

I had drawn my sofa in front of the fire, and stretching myself on it fell into a deep dreamless sleep. A night's wakefulness, and the excitement I had gone through, had so far worked upon me that I did not hear the opening of my door, nor the tread of a heavy man as he came forward and seated himself by the fire. It was only the cold touch of his fingers on the wrist as he felt my pulse that at last aroused me.

"Don't start—don't flurry yourself," said he, calmly, to me. "I am the doctor. I have been to see the other, and I promised to look in on you."

"How is he? Is it serious?"

"It will be a slow affair. It was an ugly thrust—all the dorsal muscles pierced; but no internal mischief done."

"He will certainly recover then?"

"There is no reason why he should not. But where is this scratch of yours? Let me see it."

"It is a nothing, doctor—a mere nothing. Pray take no trouble about it."

"But I must. I have pledged myself to examine your wound; and I must keep my word."

"Surely these gentlemen are scarcely so very anxious about me," said I, in some pique. "Not one of them vouchsafed to see me safe home, though I had lost some blood and felt very faint."

"I did not say it was these gentlemen sent me here," said he, dryly.

"Then who else knew any thing about this business?"

"If you must know, then," said he, "it is the English Countess who is staying here, and whom I have been attending for the last week. How she came to hear of this affair I can not tell you, for I know it is a secret to the rest of the house; but she made me promise to come and see you, and, if there was nothing in your wound to forbid it, to bring you over to her dressing-room and present you to her. And now let me look at the injury."

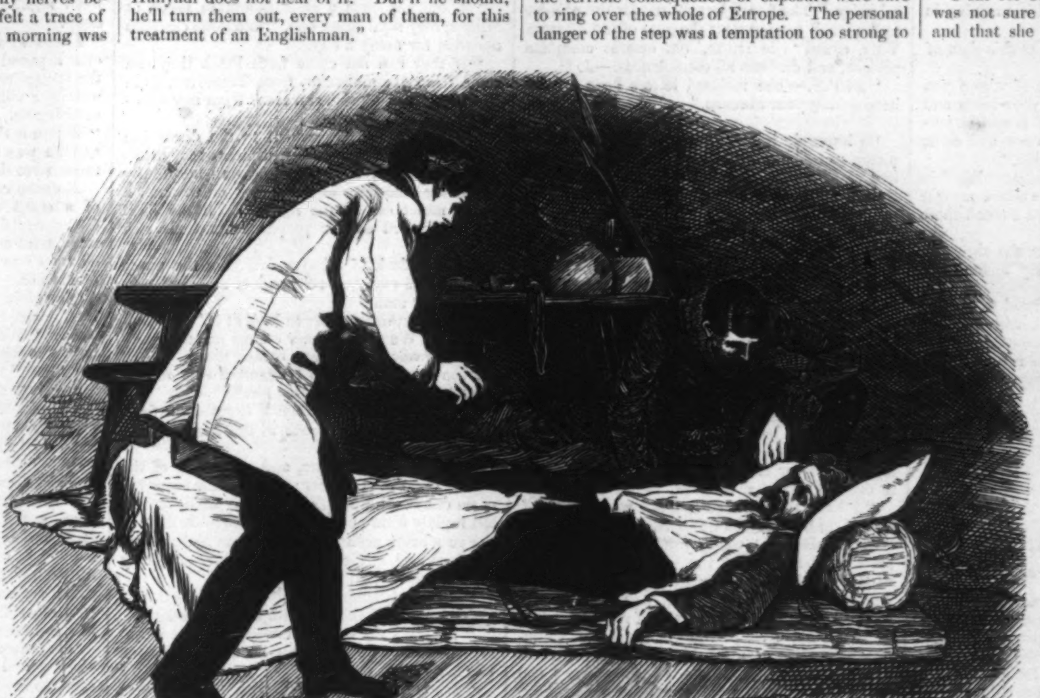
I took off my coat, and, baring my arm, displayed a very ugly thrust, which, entering above the wrist, came out between the two bones of the arm.

"Now I call this the worse of the two," said he, examining it. "Does it give you much pain?"

"Some uneasiness; nothing more. When may I see the Countess?" asked I, for an intense curiosity to meet her had now possessed me.

"If you like you may go at once: not that I can accompany you, for I am off for a distant visit; but her rooms are at the end of this corridor, and you enter by the conservatory. Meanwhile I must bandage this arm in somewhat better fashion than you have done."

While he was engaged in dressing my wound he rambled on about the reckless habits that made such rencontres possible. "We are in the middle of the seventeenth century here, with all its barbarisms," said he. "These young fellows were vexed at seeing the notice you attracted; and that was to their thinking cause enough to send you off with a damaged lung or a maimed limb. It's all well, however, as long as Graf Hunyadi does not hear of it. But if he should, he'll turn them out, every man of them, for this treatment of an Englishman."



"THIS BOY IS MY SON, HUNYADI."

"Then we must take care, Sir, that he does not hear of it," said I, half fiercely, and as though addressing my speech especially to himself.

"Not from me, certainly," said he. "My doctor's instincts always save me from such indiscretions."

"Is our Countess young, doctor?" asked I, half jocularly.

"Young and pretty, though one might say, too, she has been younger and prettier. If you dine below stairs to-day drink no wine, and get back to your sofa as soon as you can after dinner." With this caution he left me.

A heavy packet of letters had arrived from Fiume, containing, I surmised, some instructions for which I had written; but seeing that the address was in the cashier's handwriting I felt no impatience to break the seal.

I dressed myself with unusual care, though the pain of my arm made the process a very slow one; and at last set out to pay my visit. I passed along the corridor, through the conservatory, and found myself at a door at which I knocked twice. At last I turned the handle and entered a small but handsomely furnished drawing-room, about which books and newspapers lay scattered; and a small embroidery-frame near the fire showed where she who was engaged with that task had lately been seated. As I bent down in some curiosity to examine a really clever copy of an altar-piece of Albert Durer a door gently opened, and I heard the rustle of a silk dress. I had not got time to look round, when, with a cry, she rushed toward me and clasped me in her arms. It was Madame Clerémont!

"My own dear, dear Digby!" she cried, as she kissed me over face and forehead, smoothing back my hair to look at me, and then falling again on my neck. "I knew it could be no other when I heard of you, darling; and when they told me of your singing I could have sworn it was yourself."

I tried to disengage myself from her embrace, and summoned what I could of sternness to repel her caresses. She dropped at my feet, and, clasping my hand, implored me, in accents broken with passion, to forgive her. To see her who had once been all that a mother could have been to me in tenderness and care, who watched the long hours of the night beside my sick-bed—to see her there before me, abject, self-accused, and yet entreating forgiveness, was more than I could bear. My nerves, besides, had been already too tensely strung; and I burst into a passion of tears that totally overcame me. She sat with her arm round me, and wept.

With a wild hysterical rapidity she poured forth a sort of excuse of her own conduct. She recalled all that I had seen her suffer of insult and shame; the daily outrages passed upon her; the slights which no woman can or ought to pardon. She spoke of her friendlessness, her misery; but, more than all, her consuming desire to be avenged on the man who had degraded her. "Your father, I knew, was the man to do me this justice," she cried; "he did not love me, nor did I love him; but we both hated this wretch, and it seemed little to me what became of me if I could but compass his ruin."

I scarcely followed her. I bethought me of my poor mother, for whom none had a thought—neither of the wrongs done her, nor of the sufferings to which she was so remorselessly consigned.

"You do not listen to me. You do not hear me!" cried she, passionately; "and yet who has been your friend as I have? Who has implored your father to be just toward you as I have done? Who has hazarded her whole future in maintaining your rights—who but I?" In a wild rhapsody of mingled passion and appeal she went on to show how Sir Roger insisted on presenting her every where as his wife. Even at courts she had been so presented, though all the terrible consequences of exposure were sure to ring over the whole of Europe. The personal danger of the step was a temptation too strong to resist; and the altercation and vindication that must follow were ecstasy to him. He was pitting himself against the world, and he would back himself on the issue.

"And here, where we are now," cried I; "what is to happen if to-morrow some stranger should arrive from England, who knows your story, and feels he owes it to his host to proclaim it?"

"Is it not too clear what is to happen?" shrieked she; "blood, more blood—theirs or his, or both! Just as he struck a young prince at Baden with a glove across the face, because he stared at me too rudely, and shot him afterward; his dearest tie to me is the peril that attaches to me. Do you not know him, Digby? Do you not know the insolent disdain with which he refuses to be bound by what other men submit to; and that when he has said, 'I am ready to stake my life on it,' he believes he has proved his conviction to be a just one?"

Of my father's means, or what remained to him of fortune, she knew nothing. They had often been reduced to almost want, and at other times money would flow freely in, to be wasted and lavished with that careless munificence that no experiences of privation could ever teach prudence. We now turned to speculate on what would happen when he came back from this shooting-party; how he would recognize me.

"I see!" cried I; "you suspect he will disown me."

"Not that, dear Digby," said she, in some confusion; "but he may require—that is—he may wish you to conform to some plan, some procedure of his own."

"If this should involve the smallest infraction of what is due to my mother, I'll refuse," said I, firmly, "and reject as openly as he dares to make it."

"And are you ready to face what may follow?"

"If you mean as regards myself, I am quite ready. My father threw me off years ago, and I am better able to fight the battle of life now than I was then. I ask nothing of him—not even his name. If you speak of other consequences—of what may ensue when his hosts shall learn the fraud he has practiced on them—" It was only as the fatal word fell from me that I felt how cruelly I had spoken, and I stopped and took her hand in mine, saying, "Do not be angry with me, dear friend, that I have spoken a bitter word; bear with me for *her* sake, who has none to befriend her but myself."

She made me no answer, but looked out cold and stern into vacancy, her pale features motionless, not a line or a lineament betraying what was passing within her.

"Why remain here then to provoke a catastrophe?" cried she, suddenly. "If you have come for pleasure, you see enough to be aware there is little more awaiting you."

"I have not come for pleasure. I am here to confer with Count Hunyadi on a matter of business."

"And will some paltry success in a little peddling contract for the Count's wine, or his olives, or his Indian corn, compensate you for the ruin you may bring on your father? Will it recompense you if his blood be shed?"

There was a tone of defiant sarcasm in the way she spoke these words that showed me, if I would not yield to her persuasions, she would not hesitate to employ other means of coercion. Perhaps she mistook the astonishment my face expressed for terror; for she went on: "It would be well that you thought twice over it ere you make your breach with your father irreparable. Remember it is not a question of a passing sentimentality, or a sympathy—it is the whole story of your life is at issue. If you be any thing, or any body, or a nameless creature without belongings or kindred."

I sat for some minutes in deep thought. I was not sure whether I understood her words, and that she meant to say it lay entirely with my father to own or disown me, as he pleased. She seemed delighted at my embarrassment, and her voice rung out with its own clear triumphant cadence, as she said, "You begin at last to see how near the precipice you have been straying."

"One moment, Madam!" cried I. "If my mother be Lady Norcott, Sir Roger can not disown me; not to say, that already in an open court he maintained his right over me and declared me his son."

"You are opening a question I will not touch, Digby," said she, gravely—"your mother's marriage. I will only say that the ablest lawyers your father has consulted pronounce it more than questionable."

"And my father has then entertained the project of an attempt to break it?"

"This is not fair!" cried she, eagerly; "you lead me on from one admission to another till I find myself revealing confidences to one who at any moment may avow himself my enemy."

I raised my eyes to her face, and she met my glance with a look cold, stern, and impassive, as though she would say, "Choose your path now, and accept me as friend or foe." All the winning softness of her manner, all those engaging coquetries of look and gesture, of which none was more mistress, were gone, and another and a very different nature had replaced them.

This, then, was one of those women all tenderness, and softness, and fascination, but who behind this mask have the fierce nature of the tigress. Could she be the same I had seen so submissive under all the insolence of her brutal husband, bearing his scoffs and his sarcasms without a word of reply? Was it that these cruelties had at last evoked this stern spirit, and that another temperament had been generated out of a nature broken down and demoralized by ill-treatment?

"Shall I tell you what I think you ought to do?" asked she, calmly. I nodded assent. "Sit down there, then," continued she, "and write these few lines to your father, and let him have them before he returns here."

"First of all, I can not write just now—I have had a slight accident to my right arm."

"I know," said she, smiling dubiously. "You hurt it in the riding-school; but it's a mere nothing, is it not?"

I made a gesture of assent, not altogether pleased the while at the little sympathy she vouchsafed me, and the insignificance she ascribed to my wound.

"Shall I write for you, then; you can sign it afterward?"

"Let me first know what you would have me say."

"Dear father.—You always addressed him that way?"

"Yes."

"Dear father, I have been here some days, awaiting Count Hunyadi's return, to transact some matters of business with him, and have by a mere accident learned that you are among his guests. As I do not know how, to what extent, or in what capacity, it may be your pleasure to recognize me, or whether it might not chime better with your convenience to ignore me altogether, I write now to submit myself entirely to your will and guidance, being in this, as in all things, your dutiful and obedient son."

The words came from her pen as rapidly as her fingers could move across the paper; and as she finished she pushed it toward me, saying:

"There—put Digby Norcott there, and it is all done!"

"This is a matter to think over," said I, gravely; "I may be compromising other interests than my own by signing this."

"Those Jews of yours have imbued you well with their cautious spirit, I see," said she, scoffingly.

"They have taught me no lessons I am ashamed of, Madam," said I, reddening with anger.

"I declare, I don't know you as the Digby of long ago! I fancied I did when I heard those ladies coming up stairs each night, so charmed with all your graceful gifts, and so eloquent over all your fascinations; and now, as you stand there, word-splitting and phrase-weighing, canvassing what it might cost you to do this, or where it might lead you to say that, I ask myself, is this the boy his father said, 'above all things he shall be a gentleman?'"

"To one element of that character, Madam, I will try and preserve my claim—no provocation shall drive me to utter a rudeness to a lady."

"This is less breeding than calculation, young gentleman. I read such natures as yours as easily as a printed book."

"I ask nothing better, Madam; my only fear would be that you should mistake me, and imagine that any deference to my father's views would make me forget my mother's rights."

"So then," cried she, with a mocking laugh, "you have got your courage up so far—you dare me! Be advised, however, and do not court such an unequal contest. I have but to choose in which of a score of ways I could crush you—do you mark me? crush you! You will not always be as lucky as you were this morning in the riding-school."

"Great Heaven!" cried I, "was this then of *your* devising?"

"You begin to have a glimpse of whom you have to deal with? Go back to your room and reflect on that knowledge, and if it end in persuading you to quit this place at once, and never return to it, it will be a wise resolve."

I was too much occupied with the terrible fact that she had already conspired against my life to heed her words of counsel, and I stood there stunned and confused.

In the look of scorn and hate she threw on me, she seemed to exult over my forlorn and bewildered condition.

"I scarcely think there is any need to prolong this interview," said she, at last, with an easy smile; "each of us is by this time aware of the kindly sentiments of the other; is it not so?"

"I am going, Madam," I stammered out; "good-by."

She made a slight movement, as I thought, toward me; but it was in reality the prelude to a deep courtesy, while in her sweetest of accents she whispered, "Au revoir, Monsieur Digby, au revoir." I bowed deeply and withdrew.

CHAPTER XXX.

HASTY TIDINGS.

OF all the revulsions of feeling that can befall the heart, I know of none to compare in poignant agony with the sudden consciousness that you are hated where once you were loved; that where once you had turned for consolation or sympathy you have now nothing to expect but coldness and distrust; that the treasure of affection on which you had counted against the day of adversity had proved bankrupt, and nothing remained of all its bright hopes and promise but bitter regrets and sorrowful repinings.

It was in the very last depth of this spirit I now locked myself in my room to determine what I should do, by what course I should shape my future. I saw the stake for which Madame Cleremont was playing. She had resolved that my mother's marriage should be broken, and she herself declared Lady Norcott. That my father might be brought to accede to such a plan was by no means improbable. Its extravagance and its enormity would have been great inducements, had he no other interest in the matter.

I began to canvass with myself how persons poor and friendless could possibly meet the legal battle which this question should originate, and how my mother, in her destitution and poverty, could contend against the force of the wealth that would be opposed to her. It had only been by the united efforts of her relatives and friends, all eager to support her in such a cause, that she had been enabled to face the expenses of the suit my father had brought on the question of my guardianship. How could she again sustain a like charge? Was it likely that her present condition would enable her to fee leaders on circuit and bar magnates, to pay the costs of witnesses, and all the endless outgoings of the law?

So long as I lived, I well knew my poor mother would compromise none of my rights that pertained to me; but if I could be got rid of—and the event of the morning shot through my mind—some arrangement with her might not be impossible—at least, it was open to them to think so; and I could well imagine that they would build on such a foundation. It was not easy to imagine a woman like Madame Cleremont, a person of the most attractive manners, beautiful, gifted, and graceful, capable of a great crime; but she herself had shown me more than once in fiction the portraiture of an individual, who, while shrinking with horror from the coarse contact of guilt, would willingly set the springs in motion which ultimately conduce to the most appalling disasters. I remember even her saying to me one day, "It is in watching the terrible explosions their schemes have ignited that cowards learn to taste what they fancy to be the ecstasy of courage."

While I thought what a sorry adversary I should prove against such a woman, with all the wiles of her nature, and all the seductions by which she could display them, my eyes fell upon the packet from Fiume, which still lay with its seal unbroken. I broke it open half-carelessly. It contained an envelope marked "letters," and the following note:

"HERR OWEN,—With this you are informed that the house of Hodnig and Oppovich has failed, dockets of bankruptcy having been yesterday declared against that firm, the usual assignees will be duly appointed by the court to liquidate, on such terms as the estate permits. Present liabilities are currently stated as below eight millions of florins. Actual property will not meet half that sum.

"Further negotiations regarding the Hunyadi contract on your part are consequently unnecessary, seeing that the most favorable conditions you could obtain would in nowise avert or even lessen the blow that has fallen on the house.

"I am directed to inclose you by bill the sum of two hundred and eighteen florins, twenty-seven kreutzers, which, at the current exchange, will pay your salary to the end of the present quarter, and also to state that, having duly acknowledged the receipt of this sum to me by letter, you are to consider yourself free of all engagement to the house. I am also instructed to say that your zeal and probity will be duly attested when any reference is addressed to the managers of this estate.

"I am, with accustomed esteem and respect,
"Your devoted servant,
"JACOB ULRICH.

"P.S.—Herr Ignaz is, happily for him, in a condition that renders him unconscious of his calamity. The family has retired for the present to the small cottage near the gate of the Abazzia Villa, called 'Die Hutte,' but desires complete privacy, and declines all condolences.—J. U.

"2*d* P.S.—The inclosed letters have arrived here during your absence."

So intensely imbued was my mind with suspicion and distrust, that it was not till after long and careful examination I satisfied myself that this letter was genuine, and that its contents might be taken as true. The packet it inclosed would, however, have resolved all doubt: they were three letters from my dear mother. Frequent reference was made to other letters which had never reached me, and in which it was clear the mode in which she had learned my address was explained. She also spoke of Sara as of one she knew by correspondence, and gave me to understand how she was following every little humble incident of my daily life with loving interest and affection. She enjoined me by all means to devote myself heartily and wholly to those who had befriended me so generously, and to merit the esteem of that good girl, who, caring nothing for herself, gave her heart and soul to the service of her father.

"I have told you so much," said she, "of myself in former letters" (these I never saw) "that I shall not weary you with more. You know why I gave up the school, and through what reasonings I consented to call myself Lady Norcott, though in such poverty as mine the assumption of a title only provoked ridicule. Mr. M'Bride, however, persuaded me that a voluntary surrender of my position might be made terrible use of against me, should—what I can not believe—the attempt ever be made to question the legality of my marriage with your father.

"It has been so constantly repeated, however, that Sir Roger means to marry this lady—some say they are already married—that I have had careful abstracts made of the registry, and every detail duly certified which can establish your legitimacy—not that I can bring myself to believe your father would ever raise that question. Strangely enough, my allowance, left unpaid for several years, was lately resumed, and Foster and Wall received orders to acknowledge my drafts on them, for what, I concluded, were meant to cover all the arrears due. As I had already tided over these years of trial and pressure, I refused all save the sum due for the current year, and begged to learn Sir Roger's address that I might write to him. To this they replied 'that they had no information to give me on the subject; that their instructions, as regarded payments to me, came to them from the house of Rödyer, in Frankfort, and in the manner and terms already communicated to me'—all showing me that the whole was a matter of business, into which no sentiment was to enter, or be deemed capable of entering."

It was about this period my mother came to learn my address, and she avowed that all other thoughts and cares were speedily lost in the whirlpool of joy these tidings swept around her. Her eagerness to see me grew intense, but was tempered by the fear lest her selfish anxiety might prejudice me in that esteem I had already won from my employers, of whom, strangely enough, she spoke freely and familiarly, as though she had known them.

The whole tone of these letters—and I read them over and over—calmed and reassured me. Full of personal details, they were never selfish in its unpleasant sense. They often spoke of poverty, but rather as a thing to be baffled by good-humored contrivance or rendered endurable by habit than as matter for complaint and bewailment. Little dashes of light-heartedness would now and then break the dark sombreness of the picture, and show how her spirit was yet alive to life and its enjoyments. Above all, there was no croaking, no foreboding. She had lived through some years of trial and sorrow, and if the future had others as gloomy in store it was time enough when they came to meet their exigencies.

What a blessing was it to me to get these at such a time! I no longer felt myself alone and isolated in the world. There was, I now knew, a bank of affection at my disposal at which I could draw at will; and what an object for my imitation was that fine courage of hers, that took defeats as mere passing shadows, and was satisfied to fight on to the end, ever hopeful and ever brave!

How I would have liked to return to Madame Cleremont, and read her some passages of these letters, and said, "And this is the woman you seek to dethrone, and whose place you would fill! This is she whose rival you aspire to be. What think you of the contest now? Which of you should prove the winner? Is it with a nature like this you would like to measure yourself?"

How I would have liked to have dared her to such a combat, and boldly declared that I would make my father himself the umpire as to the worthier! As to her hate or her vengeance she had as much as promised me both, but I defied them; and I believed I even consulted my safety by open defiance. As I thus stimulated myself with passionate counsels, and burned with eagerness for the moment I might avow them, I flung open my window for fresh air, for my excitement had risen to actual fever.

It was very dark without. Night had set in about two hours, but no stars had yet shone out, and a thick impenetrable blackness pervaded every where. Some peasants were shoveling the snow in the court beneath, making a track from the gate to the house-door, and here and there a dimly-burning lantern attached to a pole would show where the work was being carried out. As it was about the time of the evening when travelers were wont to arrive the labor was pressed briskly forward, and I could hear an overseer's voice urging the men to increased zeal and activity.

"There has been a snow-mountain fallen at Miklos, they say," cried one, "and none can pass the road for many a day."

"If they can not come from Pesth they can come from Hermanstadt, from Temesvar, from Klausenberg. Guests can come from any quarter," cried the overseer.

I listened with amusement to the discussion that followed; the various sentiments they uttered as to whether this system of open hospitality raised the character of a country, or was not a heavy mulct out of the rights which the local poor possessed on the properties of their rich neighbors.

"Every flask of tokayer drunk at the upper table," cried one, "is an eimer of mediasch lost to the poor man."

"That is the true way to look at it," cried another. "We want neither counts nor tokayer."

"That was a Saxon dog barked there!" called out the overseer. "No Hungarian ever reviled what his land is most famed for."

"Here come travelers now," shouted one from the gate. "I hear horses at full speed on the Klausenberg road."

"Lanterns to the gate, and stand free of the road!" cried the overseer; and now the scene became one of striking excitement, as the lights flitted rapidly from place to place; the great arch of the gate being accurately marked in outline, and the deep cleft in the snow lined on either side by lanterns suspended between posts.

"They're coming at a furious pace," cried one; "they've passed the toll-bridge at full gallop."

"Then it's the Count himself," chimed in another. "There's none but he could force the toll-bar."

"It's a country wagon, with four juckers; and here it comes:" and as he spoke four sweating horses swung through the gateway, and came full speed into the court.

"Where is Kitzlach? Call Kitzlach! call the doctor!" screamed a voice from the wagon. "Tell him to come down at once."

"Out with the juckers, and harness a fresh team," cried the same voice. And now, as he descended from the wagon, he was surrounded with eager figures, all anxious to hear his tidings. As I could gather nothing from where I was I hastily threw on a fur coat, and made my way down to the court. I soon learned the news. A terrible disaster had befallen the hunting-party. A she-boar, driven frantic by her wounds, had dashed suddenly into the midst of them, slightly wounded the Count and his head jäger, but dangerously one of the guests, who had sustained a single combat with her and killed her; not, however, without grievous injury to himself, for a large blood-vessel had been severed; all the efforts to stanch which had been but half successful.

"Have you your tourniquet, doctor?" cried the youth from the wagon, as the equipage was turned again to the gate.

"Every thing—every thing."

"You'll want any quantity of lint and bandages: and, remember, nothing can be had down yonder."

"Make your mind easy! I've forgotten nothing. Just keep your beasts quiet till I get up."

I drew nigh as he was about to mount, and whispered a word in his ear.

"I don't know," said he, gruffly. "I can't see why you should ask."

"Why don't you get up?" cried the youth, impatiently.

"There's a young fellow here importuning me to ask you for a place in the wagon. He thinks he knows this stranger."

"Let him get in at once, then; and let's have no more delays." And scarcely had we scrambled to our places than the loud whip resounded with the quick, sharp report of pistol shots, and the beasts sprung out at once, rushed through the narrow gateway, and were soon stretching along at their topmost pace through impenetrable blackness.

Crouching in the straw at the bottom of the wagon, I crept as closely as I could to where the doctor was seated beside the young man who drove. I was eager to hear what I could of the incident that had befallen; but, to my great disappointment, they spoke in Hungarian, and all I could gather, from certain dropping expressions, was that both the Count and his English friend had been engaged in some rivalry of personal daring, and that the calamity had come of this insane contest. "They'll never say, 'Mad as a Hunyadi' any longer up at Lees. They'll say, 'Mad as an Englishman.'"

The young fellow spoke in wondrous admiration of the wounded man's courage and coolness, and described how he had taught them to pass a light ligature round his thigh, and tighten it further by inserting a stick to act as a screw. "Up to that," said he, "he had been bleeding like a tapped wine-fass; and then he made them give him large goblets of strong Bordeaux to sustain him."

"He's a bold-hearted fellow, then?" said the doctor.

"The Count declares he has never met his equal. They were alone together when I started, for the Englishman said he had something for the Count's own ear and begged the others to withdraw."

"So he thought himself in danger?"

"That he did, I saw him myself take off a large signet ring and lay it on the table beside his watch, and he pointed them out to Hunyadi as he came in and said something in English; but the Count rejoined quickly, 'No, no. It's not come to that yet.'"

While they spoke slowly I was able to gather at least the meaning of what passed between them, but I lost all clew so soon as they talked eagerly and rapidly; so that, confused by the unmeaning sounds, and made drowsy by the fresh night-air, I at last fell off into a heavy sleep.

I was awakened by the noise of the wheels over a paved street. I looked up, and saw, by the struggling light of a breaking dawn, that we were in a village where a number of people were awaiting us. "Have you brought the doctor?" "Where is the doctor?" cried several together; and he was scarcely permitted to descend, so eager were they to seize and carry him off.

A dense crowd was gathered before the door of a small two-storied house, into which the doctor now disappeared; and I, mixing with the mass, tried as best I might to ask how the wounded man was doing, and what hopes there were of his life. While I thus went from one to another vainly endeavoring to make my question intelligible, I heard a loud voice cry out in German. "Where is the young fellow who says he knows him?"

"Here," cried I, boldly; "I believe I know him—I am almost sure I do."

"Come to the door, then, and look in; do not utter a word!" cried a tall dark man, I soon knew to be Count Hunyadi. "Mind, Sir, for your life sake, that you don't disturb him."

I crept on tip-toe to the slightly open door, and looked in. There, on a mattress on the floor, a tall man was lying, while the doctor knelt beside him, and seemed to press with all his weight on his thigh. The sick man slowly turned his face to the light, and it was my father; my knees trembled, my sight grew dim—strength suddenly forsook me, and I fell powerless and senseless to the ground.

They were bathing my face and temples with vinegar and water to rally me when the doctor came to say the sick man desired to see me. In a moment the blood rushed to my head, and I cried out, "I am ready!"

"Be calm, Sir. A mere word, a gesture, may prove fatal to him," whispered the doctor to me. "His life hangs on a thread."

Count Hunyadi was kneeling beside my father, and evidently trying to catch some faint words he was saying, as I stole forward and knelt down by the bedside. My father turned his eyes slowly round till they fell upon me, when their expression suddenly changed from the look of weary apathy to a stare of full and steadfast meaning—intense, indeed, in significance; but I dare not say that this conveyed any thing like love or affection for me.

"Come closer!" cried he, in a hoarse whisper. "It is Digby, is it not? This boy is my son, Hunyadi," he said, with an increased effort. "Give me your hand." He took my trembling fingers in his cold moist hand, and passed the large signet ring over my second finger. "He is my heir. Gentlemen!" he cried, in a tone at once haughty and broken by debility, "my name, my title, my fortune all pass to *him*. By to-morrow you will call him Sir Digby—"

He could not finish—his lips moved without a sound. I was conscious of no more than being drawn heavily across the floor, not utterly bereft of reason, but dulled and stunned as if from the effect of a heavy blow.

When I was able I crept back to the room. It was now the decline of day. A large white cavalry cloak covered the body. I knelt down beside it, and cried with a bursting heart till late into the night.

TOMB OF AARON BURR.

THE College Cemetery at Princeton contains no object of greater historic interest than the tomb of Colonel AARON BURR, of which we give an illustration on page 196. BURR was born in Newark, New Jersey, in 1756. His father, the Rev. AARON BURR, was the first President in the College of New Jersey, afterward transferred to Princeton. His mother was a daughter of JONATHAN EDWARDS, the celebrated metaphysician and divine. No sooner, however, had the college been opened in Nassau Hall, in 1757.

than President Burr died, and was succeeded by his father-in-law, Dr. Edwards.

Aaron Burr entered Princeton College at the early age of thirteen, and at his graduation received the highest academic honors. It is not necessary that we should trace his subsequent career, which is already so familiar to all readers of American history. His duel, in 1804, with Colonel Hamilton, which terminated fatally for the latter, is the most memorable, as also the saddest event of his life. Colonel Burr took an active part in the Revolutionary war. He belonged to the Lee and Gates faction, and always affected to despise the military talents of Washington. In 1800 he was chosen Vice-President, but his success in defeating the candidate of his own party destroyed his own political influence. He died at the age of 81, on Staten Island, whither he had been removed for the benefit of pure air during the warm season.

In accordance with his own request Colonel Burr was buried at Princeton. He was interred with the honors of war. The professors and students of the college united in the funeral procession. He was buried near the tomb of his ancestors.

THE SKELETON HAND.

Yielding to a miserable habit had ruined me. It had blasted my prospects, destroyed my business, alienated my friends, and brought me down to the lowest point of existence. The habit had altogether overcome me. In vain I struggled against it. The imploring looks and words of my wife; the sight of my wan-faced and emaciated children turning their eyes to me, the author at once of their being and of their misery; the spectacle of the proud home and broad lands, once mine, but now in the hands of strangers—all these, which might well have stung to madness or driven to despair a less degraded being, reached me not, nor affected me in the depth of my degradation. I had reached a point at which no motive that might be urged could any longer affect me.

One evening I was sitting in my miserable home. The children were asleep in bed. They had cried themselves to sleep in hunger. My wife sat opposite to me on the other side of the wretched fire-place stitching some rags of clothing. I was sullen and silent.

At last I felt a craving for the stimulus that now was necessary to my life. Rising, I walked to the cupboard where it was kept. My wife knew well my intention. She followed me with her eyes.

I went there desperate and careless—only eager for the gratification of my appetite.

I reached forth my hands, tremblingly seized the bottle, and was about raising it to my lips.

But at that very instant, just as the bottle touched my lips, I felt a terrible sensation. It was as though some one had grasped my throat.

"Wife!" I cried in a deep, fierce voice. "Hag! do you dare?" and turning, with clenched fist, I struck at what I supposed was my wife. For I thought that she was trying in this violent way in desperation to keep me from drink.

But to my surprise I saw my wife sitting by the fire-place with her work in her hand, looking at me in wonder.

It could not have been her evidently.

A terrible feeling passed through me. Shudderingly I raised my hand to feel what it was that was at my throat, or if there was any thing there at all, which seemed to be grasping me so tightly.

Horror of horrors!

As I raised my hand I felt the unmistakable outlines of a bony thumb and bony fingers pressed against my flesh. It was a *skeleton hand* that clutched me by the throat.

My hand fell down powerless by my side; the bottle crashed on the floor. My children awoke at the noise, and wife and children all stared at me with white faces.

There I, trembling in every limb, stood transfixed with terror, the awful feeling of the supernatural now fully possessing me. Unable to speak I gasped with fear. I drew away my body, but my head was still held by the same dread and invisible power. I could not move that.

Unspeakable horror filled me. None but those who have experienced something like this know what it is to have such feelings. The body seems paralyzed, while the mind seems to be endowed with extraordinary activity, and thus possesses new capacities for suffering.

But at last I felt the grasp relax. I staggered back, the grasp ceased altogether, and I drew off to another corner of the room, endeavoring to go as far as possible from the place where this mysterious thing had seized me.

Soon my wife and children turned away, the former to work, the latter to sleep. They knew not what it was that had affected me, but concluded that it was some pain arising from sickness or sudden faintness. I did not speak a word, but resumed my former seat.

And now, gradually, my craving returned. Yet how could I satisfy it? My bottle was broken. It lay in fragments on the floor. All my liquor was gone. What was I to do? The craving became irresistible. I had to yield.

So I took my hat, fumbled in my pockets and found a few cents, and taking an old bottle that lay in a corner, I went forth into the darkness. It was not without some feeling of trepidation that I entered the dark passage-way. Fear lest the same Thing of Horror might return agitated me. But I passed on unharmed, and reached my old resort, where I laid my bottle on the counter. The clerk soon filled it. With an irresistible impulse I clutched the bottle and rushed forth to drink the liquor.

I hurried off for a little distance and came to the head of a wharf. Here, unable any longer to resist my craving, I pulled out the cork so as to drink.

It was very dark. No one was near me. In the distance arose the low hum of the city; out in the harbor might be heard the noise of sailors and boatmen. I had a general idea of this as I stood there, though all my thoughts were concentrated on the bottle. At last I raised it to my mouth.

Scarce had the bottle touched my lips when again I experienced that terrible feeling.

My throat was seized; this time more violently, more fiercely, as if by some power which had already warned me, and was enraged at having to repeat the warning. My throat was compressed painfully in that fierce gripe; there was anger in it. A thrill of horror again shot through me. Again the bottle fell from my trembling hands and was crushed to fragments upon the stone pavement.

Again I raised my hands to my throat, though in deadly fear; but the motion was mechanical—a natural and involuntary effort to tear away the *thing* that had seized my throat—to free myself from the pain and the horror of that mysterious grasp. Again then I raised my hands, and again I felt there under my touch, plainly and unmistakably, the long, hard, bony hand which I had felt before. One touch was enough. My hands fell down. I tried to shriek, but in vain. I gasped for breath, and thought that I would be suffocated.

But at length the grasp slowly and unwillingly relaxed. I breathed more freely. At length the touch was no longer felt.

I paced the streets for a long time. At first every vestige of my appetite had been driven away by the horror of that moment. As time passed it began to return. Once more I felt the craving. True, the fear of another attack was strong, and for a long time deterred me; but at last the craving grew too strong for the fear.

Nerving myself up to a desperate pitch of resolution, I rushed back to the shop where I had last purchased the liquor.

"See here!" I cried; "I'm crazy for a drink; I broke that bottle! Give me a glass, for God's sake—only one glass!"

Something in my face seemed to excite the man's commiseration. He poured out a glass for me in silence.

With trembling eagerness I reached out my hand to seize it. With trembling hand I raised it toward my lips. The grateful fumes already entered my nostrils. My lips already touched the edge of the glass.

Suddenly my throat was seized with a tremendous grasp.

It was as though the Power which was tormenting me had become enraged by my repeated acts of opposition, and wished now by this final act to reduce me to subjection forever.

It was as if this Power was using with me the means of coercion which one uses with a dog, viz.: beat him for each offense, and each time harder till he is cured.

This time the grasp was terrible, it was fiercer than ever, quick, impetuous.

In that dread grasp my breath ceased.

I struggled. My senses reeled. I raised my hands in my despair. I felt again the bony fingers. I moved my hands along bony arms.

In my madness I struggled. I struck out my fists wildly. They struck against what seemed like bony ribs.

The time during which I thus struggled seemed endless. The horror that was upon me can not be told.

At last all sense left me.

When I revived I found myself lying on a rude bench in the bar. It was early dawn. No one was near. All my bones ached. I rose up confusedly, not knowing at first where I was, but soon the terrific event which had overpowered me came to my memory.

I rose to my feet, and tried to get out. The noise that I made awaked some one inside. He called out to me.

"Hallo there! Are you off?"

"Yes," I said.

"Wait, I'll let you out."

He appeared in a short time.

"You had a bad turn," said he, not unkindly. "You'd better take care of yourself, and not be out at nights."

I thanked him and left.

When I reached the house my wife waked up and looked half fearfully at me. Amazement came over her face as she saw that I was sober. I kissed her and sat down in silence.

She looked at me in wonder. Tears fell from her eyes. She said nothing, but I saw that she was praying.

As soon as the shops were opened I went out and managed to procure some food which I brought to the room. I then left to go to my employment. Through the day I felt an incessant craving, but my horror was so great that I would far rather have cut my throat than risked having that *hand* there again.

As the days passed the horror remained undiminished. It was simply impossible for me to seek for intoxicating drink. I dared not.

My wife said nothing. I saw, however, by her soft eyes, the gentle joy of her face, and the sweet, loving smile with which she welcomed me home, how deeply this change in me had affected her.

Weeks passed and gradually the craving lessened. Yet so vivid was the remembrance of that dread experience of mine that my horror remained fresh and unabated. To relapse was impossible. I dared not.

Thus forced to be sober, my circumstances improved rapidly. There was no longer any danger of want. Comfort came, and peace, and hope, and pure domestic joy.

Remorse for the sufferings which I had caused to my sweet wife made me more eager to make amends for the past, that so I might efface bitter memories from her mind. The revulsion of feeling was so great for her that she forgot that I had ever been other than kind. I made no parade of reform. I made no promises, and no vow. Nor did she ever allude to the change. She showed her joy in her face and manner. She accepted the change when it came and rejoiced in it.

I still felt an anxious desire to get to the bottom of this mystery, and once I told the whole story to my medical man.

He was not at all surprised.

Doctors never are. Nor are doctors ever at a loss to account for any thing.

"Pooh," said he, indifferently. "That's common enough. It was *mania a potu*. The brain, you know, becomes congested, and you see and feel devils and skeletons. Cases like yours are common enough."

To me, however, my case seemed very uncommon, but, whether it be so or not, my case has resulted in my salvation. And never will I cease, even amidst my horror, to be grateful to that Power which came down clothed in terror to snatch me from ruin with that *Skeleton Hand.*

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

From Texas comes a brilliant report of newly-discovered precious stones. In fact, a mineralogical fever is raging in the vicinity of the city of Austin. The origin of the whole matter is that a little girl, some three or four months ago, found on a hill a transparent stone about the size of a pea. The pebble at length came into the hands of an amateur mineralogist, who pronounced it of the opaline class, and of value. Then the hunt began, and for weeks the hills have been covered by earnest searchers for valuables. The result has been an abundance of worthless quartz, fine specimens of the California pebble, some transparent carnelians, a number of amethystine crystals, a score of superb sparkling beryls, an occasional topaz, chrysoprase, or emerald, and a few undoubted opals. Stones have also been found of great beauty and hardness, approaching closely the domain of the diamond. One of these crystals is egg-shaped, two inches in length, and nearly an inch in its largest diameter. The surface is covered with a rough incrustation, having occasional openings of perfect smoothness and polish, through which the resplendent interior becomes visible. It is slightly phosphorescent, shining with a yellow, adamantine lustre.

"Westward the star of empire takes its way." A book has been recently published in St. Louis, entitled, "A Change of National Empire; or, Arguments in Favor of the Removal of the National Capital from Washington City to the Mississippi Valley." The volume is illustrated with maps, and, from the table of contents, the author appears to have considered his subject very thoroughly.

A Parisian actress had for many successive evenings seen a modest two-sou bouquet of violets fall at her feet. She had the tact to receive it graciously, and on inquiry found it came from a poor boy of fourteen, a frequenter of the upper gallery. The girl, touched by his modest offerings, sent to have him brought to her. The youth was standing behind the scenes when the lady of his dreams came off the stage. With a cry be threw himself upon her, much to the astonishment of the by-standers. Was he mad? No; he had seen a tongue of flame creeping round the garze robes of the actress, and was trying with all his might to put out the fire. He succeeded so well that the girl escaped unhurt, but the courageous youth was conveyed to the nearest hospital, fearfully burned.

What Mr. Prang terms a "half chromo" is a lithograph first printed as a plain proof, upon which the colors are afterward printed. Such colored lithographs, though very pretty, have no "depth" about them. "Full chromos," on the other hand, are produced by carefully printing tint over tint, shading, and brightening, here a little and there a little, following the general method of the artist. The first color is commonly a light ground tint which covers all the print, excepting, perhaps, some spots which are to be rendered in white. Every succeeding lithographic stone—and sometimes there are as many as thirty—has a separate color, which is applied to all, or to a portion of the picture, as may be desired. This process is continued until at a short distance the chromo can scarcely be detected as an imitation.

One of the latest novelties is a "Hard Times" party, which is announced at Mantorville, Wisconsin. The invitations and programmes for the dance are issued upon the commonest kind of brown paper. "Ladies are expected to dress in calico and its surroundings, and gentlemen in their everyday clothing. Each one must bring a cracker in his pocket. Fun to commence at 8 p.m. At 11 p.m. bean soup, crackers, and dried herring will be served, if there is enough to go round."

A meeting was recently held at the Winthrop House in Boston, the object of which was to investigate the manner in which deaf mutes were taught to communicate *without* signs to others. A teacher of the Clarke Institution at Northampton asked questions of several of her pupils, who by no possibility could have known what the inquiries were, except from the movements of her lips. In almost every case they were answered promptly. Except that she spoke with great distinctness, and they like children who had not yet learned to pronounce words aright, and also with the peculiar intonation of all deaf persons, one would have supposed that a conversation was going on under ordinary circumstances. The same result was produced when she moved her lips without emitting any sound. Two young girls, who had never been in any deaf and dumb institution, but had been taught at home to speak and to understand others, on being introduced to each other immediately began to talk together, like other people, without the use of signs. The oldest of these girls was said to be the first scholar in a large school where she was the only one who could not hear a sound.

The action of fusel oil upon the animal system is that of a positive poison, its vapor producing nausea, headache, and giddiness. Its presence in liquors is highly injurious, and indicates bad distillation, or the use of damaged grain. It may be detected by agitating the liquor with water, and leaving it to stand for the oil to rise to the surface.

A California paper gives at some length an account illustrating the powerful influence exerted upon a boy of thirteen who had been sent to be educated at the Santa Clara College, which is conducted by a professional corps of Jesuits. The boy had been sent to this college by his mother, who was desirous that he should receive the best possible education. He was persuaded to join the Order of Jesuits, unknown to his mother, and took the first fearful set of vows. The mother, alarmed at the changed style of her son's letters, and not being able to induce him to visit her, went to see him, and found him so under the influence of his solemn superiors that he refused to go home with her or to recognize her authority in any way. With the help of friends she brought the matter into court, where the undue restraint exerted by the Jesuits was fully exposed, and the boy delivered to his natural guardian, with whom he gladly went when freed from the power of the Jesuits.

One of the latest reported amusements in Paris is the album of confessions. A handsome volume contains various questions engraved on its tinted pages, beneath which answers are to be written by those to whom the book is handed, signed with their initials. For example:

Question. Do you put faith in human nature?

Answer. I've lost faith in myself—how can I hold it in another?—V. P. F. 1868.

Cela depend! on whom the human nature may belong to.—K. N., August, 1868.

Question. What is your age?

Answer. The *youth*, the dream, departs. Don't ask me. How should I know? Thought I was thirty-nine; but my lady cousin, who was born the same year I was, declares she is only twenty-two.—Tom. X.

When such questions as, "Did you ever tell a falsehood?" "What do you most desire?" stare one in the face, the impertinence of the album provokes repartees absurdly frank or equivocally ingenious.

For the purpose of arriving at the difference in mean time between San Francisco and Boston, the wires of the Western Union Telegraph Company were nightly connected for nearly a month from one side of the continent to the other; and the ticking of a chronometer in Cambridge University was observed and recorded in San Francisco with a most remarkable degree of accuracy. This was done by connecting the pendulum of the chronometer at Cambridge with the wire in such a manner that the main circuit was broken, and instantly closed again at every beat or tick of the time-piece. By an ingenious contrivance the flight of electricity was actually measured, so to speak, as easily as one measures a yard of muslin.

Dining is one of the fine arts in Boston, as indeed it is in many other large cities. A dinner company at the house of a weathy citizen of the "Hub," after remaining an hour or so at one table, were ushered into another room, where a second table, with elegant appointments, was laid. This opportunity for a double display of plate was grand. There is, by-the-way, a unique club in Boston, consisting of twelve gentlemen, who do their own cooking when they dine together, which is once a fortnight. This club was founded forty years ago. No one can become a member who can not cook some delicious dish. They dine in a little boathouse not far from the city, and have superb feasts. The wives of the members are occasionally invited to take a lesson in cookery from their better halves, but are not allowed a finger in the pie.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A Hibernian dress-maker in Detroit was giving some ladies a recipe for making mock cream, which she pronounced a very superior substitute for the real article. In order to prove her assertion she told of a grand wedding where it had been served, and said, "Many took it in preference to the real cream, not knowing the difference."

A Mighty Business in a Small Compass—A Cheesemonger's.

The Difference between a Publican and a Spiritualist—One raps that the Spirits may appear, the other taps that they may disappear.

The "Tender" Passion—An engine-driver's.

A correspondent who has an unquenchable thirst for knowledge wants to know if the wheel of Time is ever *tired*.

Better than a Dozen.—"How many children have you?" asked a gentleman of one of his laborers, looking around in surprise upon the family.

"Better than a dozen, Sir."

"I only make out eleven," said the gentleman.

"Faith, an' isn't that better than a dozen, Sir, when one has to feed 'em?" exclaimed the happy father.

QUEER QUERIES.

At what time was Adam married?—Upon his wedding Eve.

How can gray whiskers be made to lose their odium?—Echo: O dye 'em.

What do travelers visit Egypt for?—To peer amid the pyramids.

What causes Irish rows?—Pat-riot-ism.

When does the rain become too familiar to a lady?—When it begins to pat her (patter) on her back.

Why are cats like Minié balls?—They mutilate (mew till late).

When does a lawyer act falsely?—When he "makes an action *lie*."

When did the alphabet get into a row?—When A bet, B fit, D cried, N raged, Q bit, and X pounded.

"Sky-Lights"—The Sun, Moon, and Stars!

Sleighing with a Girl.—Of all the joys vouchsafed to a man in life's tempestuous whirl, there's naught approaches heaven so near as sleighing with a girl—a rosy, laughing, buxom girl; a frank, good-natured, honest girl; a feeling, flirting, dashing, doting, smiling, smacking, jolly, joking, jaunty, jovial, poser-poking, dear little duck of a girl. Pile up your wealth a mountain high, you sneering, scoffing churl, I'll laugh as I go dashing by with my jingling bells and girl—the brightest, dearest, sweetest girl; the trimmest, gayest, neatest girl; the funniest, flushest, frankest, fairest, roundest, ripest, roguishest, rarest, spunkiest, spiciest, squirmiest, squarest, best of girls, with drooping lashes, half concealing amorous flashes—just the girl for a chap like me to court, and love, and marry, you see—with rosy cheeks and clustering curls, the sweetest and the best of girls.

A pleasant story is told of a rather aged lady who has recently married a young and fast man, quitting him at the station when he was going *en voyage* for some important private affairs. After an embrace of the most loving character she put her head into the carriage and said, "Dear Charles, remember that you are married." To which he replied, "Dear Caroline, I will make a memorandum of it," and at once tied a knot in his handkerchief.

A Turning Point—A bayonet.

A little boy, five years old, while writhing under the tortures of the ague, was told by his mother to rise up and take a powder she had prepared for him.

"Powder! powder!" said he, raising himself on his elbow, and putting on a roguish smile, "Mother, I ain't a gun!"

"Where shall I put this paper so as to be sure of seeing it to-morrow?" inquired Mary Jane of her brother Charles. "On the looking-glass" was her brother's reply.

"Have you seen my black-faced antelope?" inquired Mr. Leoscope, who had a collection of animals, of his friend Bottlejack. "No, I haven't. Whom did your black-faced aunt elope with?"

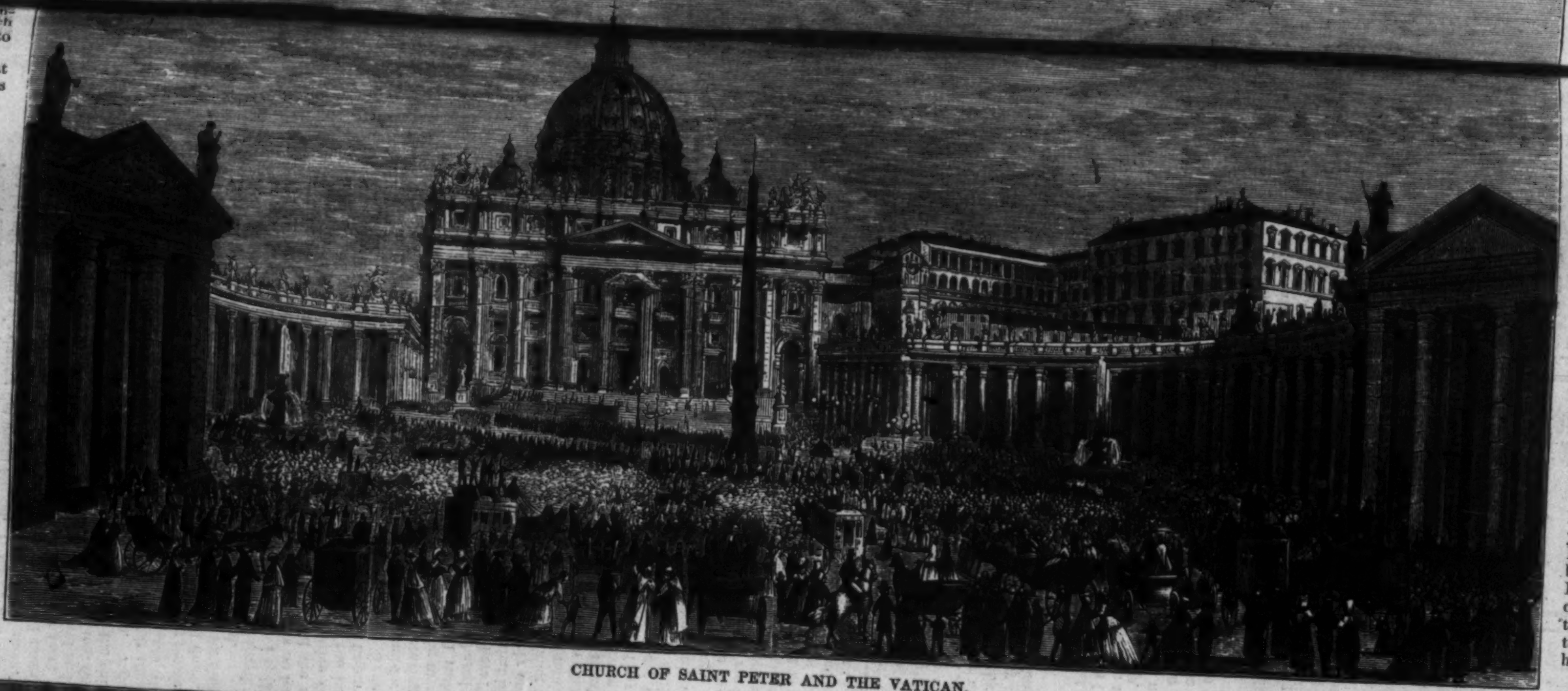
day, the 28th; but its abundant ceremonials which fill every day of the week flow over, as it were, into the week before and the week following.

Rome is so thronged during these ceremonies that the visitor must secure his accommodations and his tickets some weeks in advance.

ST. PETER'S.

On Friday before Palm-Sunday, St. Joseph's day, the Pope, according to his custom on the Fridays in Lent, enters St. Peter's to pay his devotions there. Preparations for his coming are made by covering his prie-dieu with red velvet, and placing long rows of seats for the cardinals near the chapel-crypt beneath the dome. This ceremony does not strictly pertain to Holy-Week, and it is often thinly attended; but it affords the traveler a favorable opportunity for one of those numerous visits to the great basilica which he must make to acquire an appreciation of its grandeur.

We ascend the steps, cross the great vestibule, itself a hall longer and loftier than many a great church, lift a heavy, well-worn, quilted leather mat which hangs like a curtain to close the doorway, slide through, and stand within. A vast prairie of marble floor, of a mellow tinge, stretches before us as far as the eye can reach. In place of the sky, stupendous arches close us in overhead, fretted with massive carved panels. There is abundant light, but no consciousness of windows. They are of plain glass, half concealed above the cornice. Lofty arches open on either hand; but the enormous piers which support them, each as large around as a comfortable house, do not seem like pillars. The magnificent decorations of mosaics, statues, and marbles are dissolved and tempered to chaste simplicity by space.



CHURCH OF SAINT PETER AND THE VATICAN.

jecting toe of the left foot. Before applying his lips the votary wipes the toe with his cuff, by way of preparation, and the effect of this contact, incessantly repeated through many ages, is visible in the very

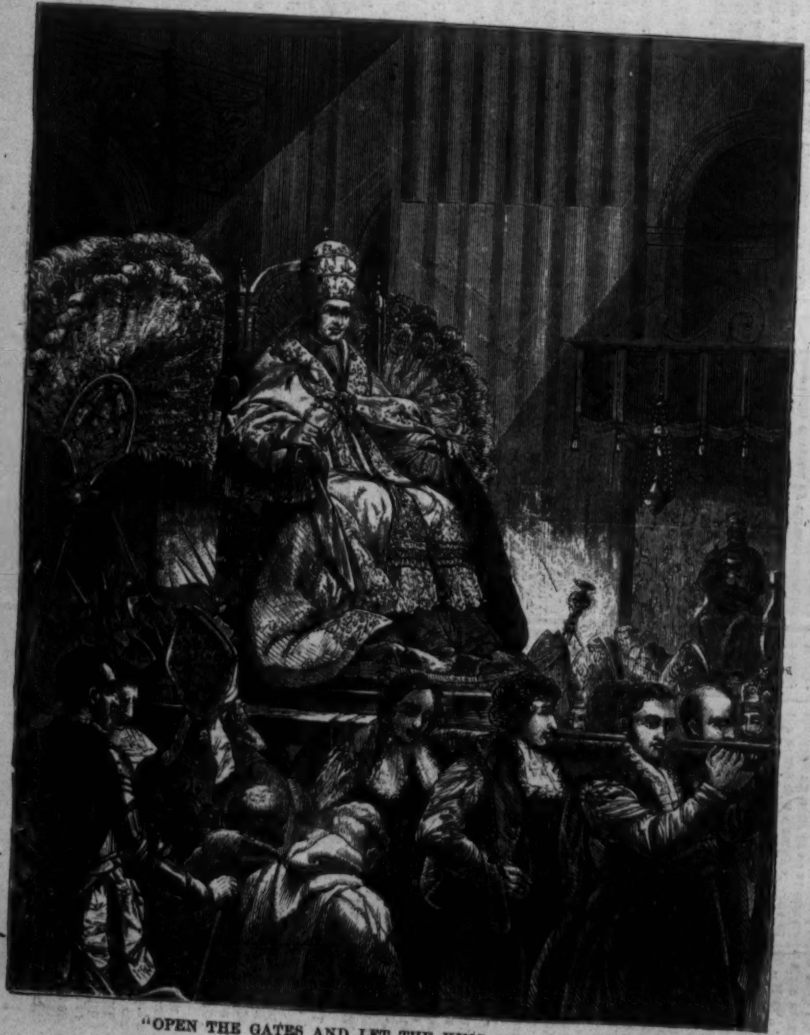
PALM-SUNDAY.

On the first day of Holy-Week the vast floor of St. Peter's, capable of holding 54,000 persons, is well filled with a concourse of people from all nations and of every class. The gorgeous court attire of princes and nobles, the simple white bonnets of Sisters of Charity, the brown robes of Franciscan monks, the black robes of Dominicans, the gay liveries of servants, the purple and scarlet garments of high ecclesiastics, pages in black velvet, soldiers in bright uniform, peasants in homespun, goat-skin, and rags—the whole is a living picture of European life in all phases. Great tribunes have been constructed, to which only gentlemen in uniform or evening dress, and ladies in black, with a black veil on the head, can be admitted, by means of tickets previously procured through an embassador.

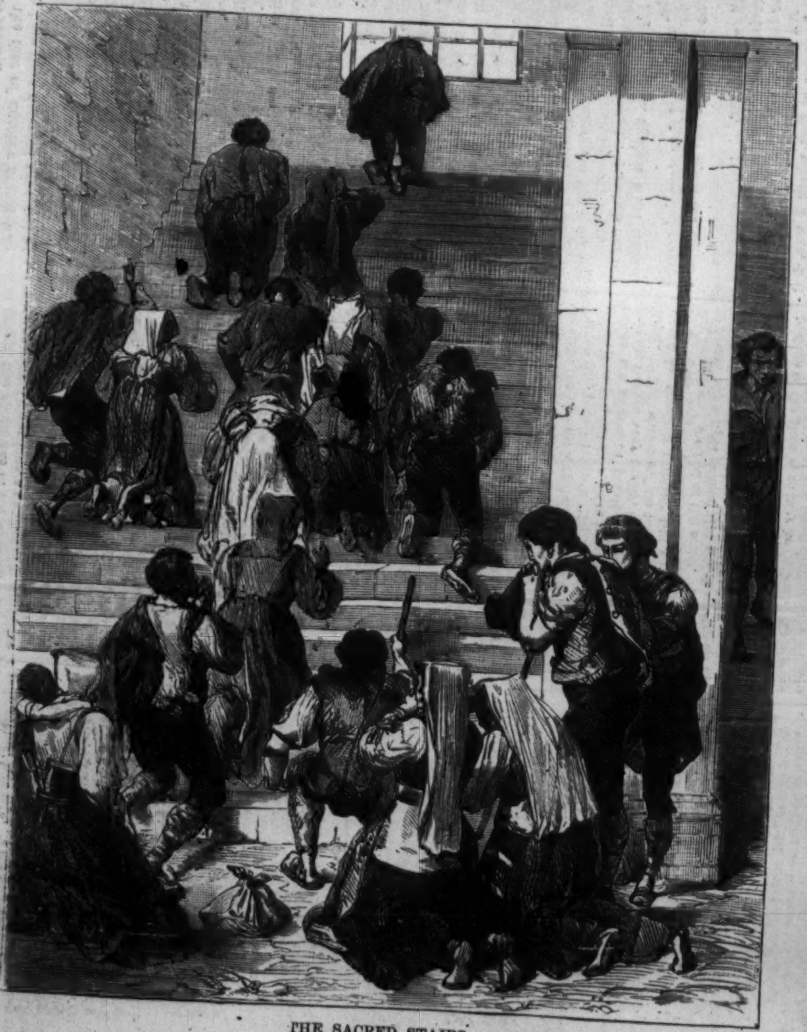
Such dress is rigorously required as a condition of admission to the seats in St. Peter's or to the Sistine Chapel. Now and then an ingenious American without a dress-coat pins up the skirts of his frock and tries to pass in, but is caught and exposed by the vigilant guards.

At the head of the nave is the throne of the Pope, on either hand the seats of the cardinals, beyond, the tribunes of the diplomatic corps and the Roman princes. On each side of the throne are bundles of the palms destined to be blessed by the Pope after the mass, and to be distributed to the cardinals, bishops, and ecclesiastic and civil dignitaries, who approach one by one and kiss the pontifical ring and the palm extended to them by his hand.

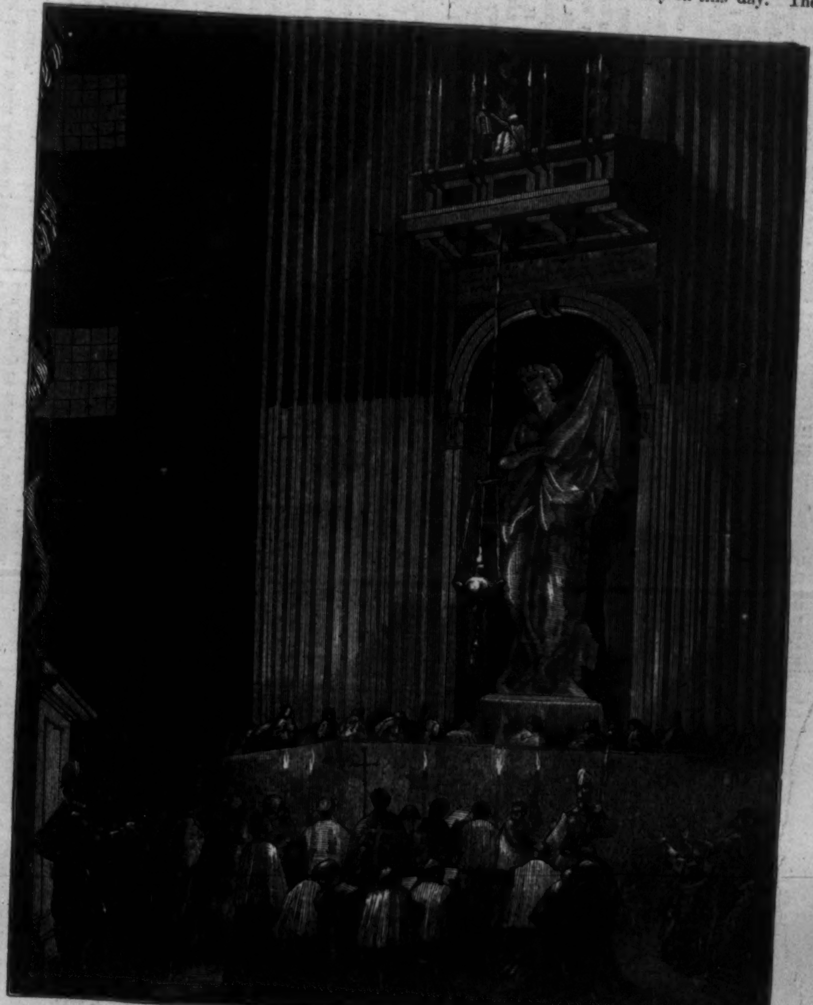
These palms are long, lance-like shafts of a clear yellow color, like dried rushes. They are seen throughout the churches of Italy on this day. The



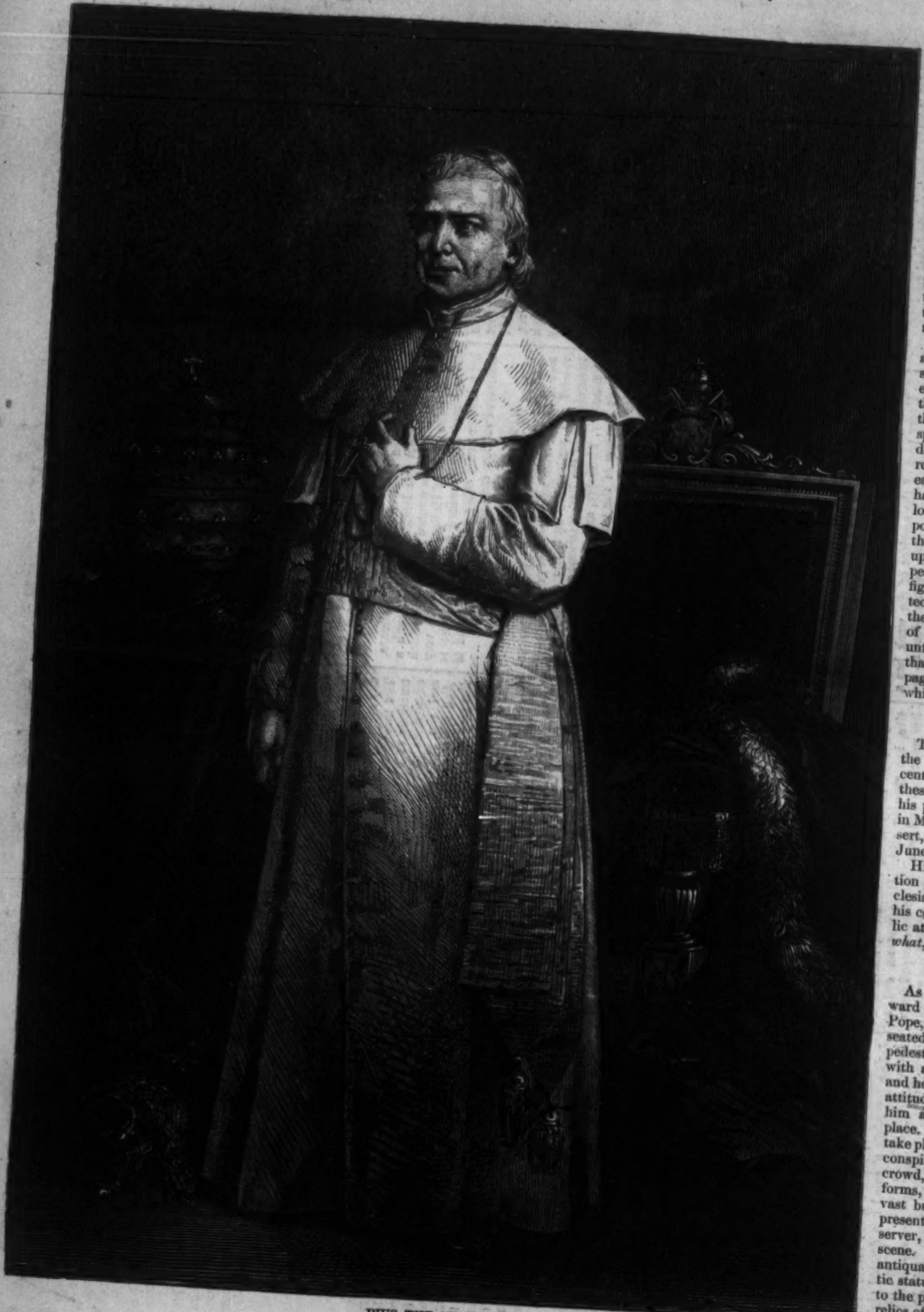
"OPEN THE GATES AND LET THE KING OF GLORY IN!"



THE SACRED STAIRS.



EXHIBITING THE SACRED RELICS.



PIUS THE NINTH.

HOLY-WEEK IN ROME.

WITH many travelers in Europe Holy-Week in Rome is the culmination and turning-point of the tour. Italy is the apex of European travel, Rome the pinnacle of Italy, and Holy-Week the climax [illegible] day, the 28th; but its abundant ceremonials which fill every day of the week flow over, as it were, into

The proportions of every detail are such that none but the most practiced eyes can at first sight realize the immensity. One must see it repeatedly in the contrasts afforded by varying throngs of human beings, the insignificance of vast crowds, the nothingness of individuals, the interminable distances traversed by processions, before his thought grows to the measure of its expanse. The grandeur of architecture here reverses the impression which great buildings ordinarily make. To the first view the surprise is not the greatness of the building, but the littleness of the men and women in it; and the spectator comes gradually to a conception of its majestic extent through an overwhelming consciousness of his own insignificance.

Of course every one tries his hand at criticising St. Peter's. But no one should form a fixed opinion on its builders' success until he has seen it fulfilling the function for which it was designed, that of the theatre for the great dramatic spectacles with which the Church endeavors to awaken and stimulate the religious feelings of mankind. It is easy to say that a Greek cross would have been preferable, although at the loss of a vast area, and that a Grecian portico would have been more imposing than a gigantic house-front. But when upon the great balcony the Pope appears before the world as the central figure in a vast and harmonious architectural frame; when the long nave of the church is lined with a perspective of soldiers, and the papal procession unfolds its full length, the observer feels that the same spirit that created the pageant planned for it the theatre in which it takes place.

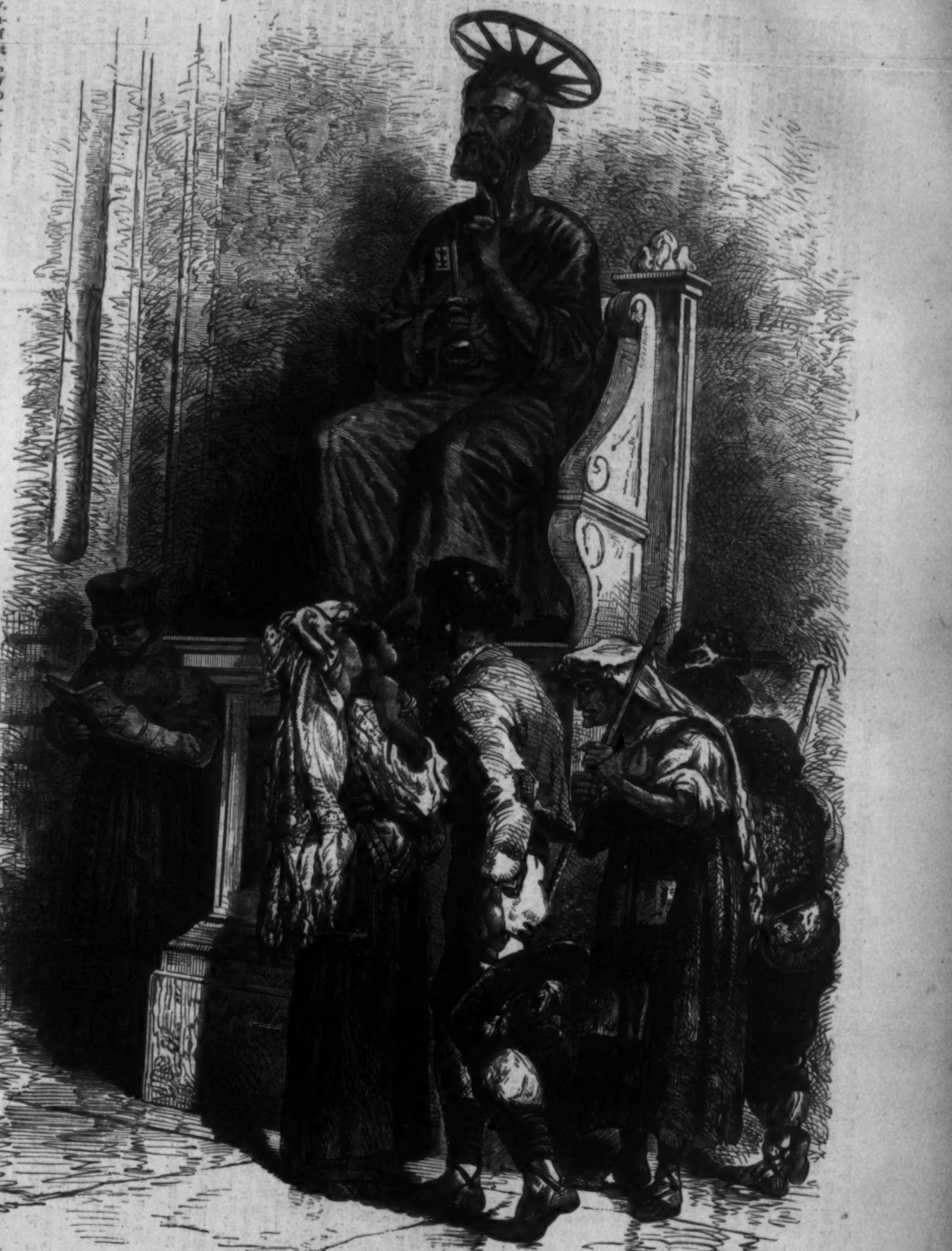
PIO NONO.

The admirable full-length portrait of the Pope, who for nearly a quarter of a century has been the central figure of these scenes renders any description of his person unnecessary. He was born in May, 1792—or, as some Romans assert, in 1790—and chosen Pope in June, 1846.

His age and feeble health, in connection with the intense political and ecclesiastical interests that depend upon his continuance, have long turned public attention to the question of who, or *what*, should be his successor.

THE BRONZE SAINT PETER.

As the visitor passes up the nave toward the altar and the prie-dieu of the Pope, he sees before him, upon the right, seated upon a marble chair on a high pedestal, the bronze statue of St. Peter, with a metallic halo around his head, and holding the key in his hand, in the attitude of surveying the scene before him as the presiding genius of the place. In all the great pageants which take place within these walls, this statue, conspicuous above the heads of the crowd, although, like other human forms, diminished and dimmed by the vast building which overshadows it, is present in the consciousness of the observer, and enters into the idea of the scene. There is some dispute among antiquarians whether this is an authentic statue of the apostle, or one adapted to the purpose from among the heathen relics of Rome. But the faithful, ignorant of such controversies, pay their devotions at the foot of the statue, signifying their reverence by devoutly kissing the projecting toe of the left foot. Before applying his lips the votary wipes the toe with his



THE BRONZE SAINT PETER.

heads of many are braided in various forms and sometimes gilded. The congregation of children often seen in a parish church, each holding a palm aloft, all agitated in a constant motion by the restlessness of the children, is a very pretty spectacle.

When the Pope has distributed the palms the scene of Christ's entry into Jerusalem is actually represented by a procession in which they are borne. A chorus, as in the Greek drama, chants the scene to which the spectator is transported. The procession is formed, and the Pope, borne on the shoulders of men, and surrounded by all that is brilliant or gorgeous, passes down the centre of the church, between hedges of military drawn up to keep open an avenue through the crowd. The Pope, and every cardinal, prince, and priest in the procession, like the little children in the parish church, carry palms in their hands. The imposing cortége passes out of the church, but soon the voices of its singers are heard again in the distance, announcing its entrance into the vestibule; but the doors are closed, and a band of priests forming a semi-chorus stand guarding them within. The voices without chant the verses, Open the gates and let the King of Glory in! The semi-chorus within reply, Who is this King of Glory? And thus, with responsive action, at last the door is struck open, and the representative of the King of Glory advances, while the chorus recounts his triumph.

RELICS.

Monday and Tuesday are occupied with less important ceremonies; but Rome is alive with "religious scenes," and, amidst the relics to be visited and the special local ceremonies of particular churches, it is difficult to choose and impossible to see all. There is the Bambino, or "baby boy" of S. Maria in Ariceli, a doll-like figure of wood, said by one of its custodians to have been carved from a stick of olive, from the Mount of Olives, four hundred years ago, but said by another to have been made by St. Luke as an image of the infant Jesus. This figure is wrapped in elegant swaddling clothes, which are perfectly incrusted with jewels of every kind that have been presented to it by worshipers. It is sent for in cases of sickness all over Rome. Placed by the priests before the bed of disease or confinement, it promotes, if not secures, relief and recovery. It is shown to visitors who ask for it at the church, unless, indeed, it should happen to be out on a professional tour.

The visitor in Rome wishes to obtain some souvenir, if not for himself at least for some Catholic friend or servant. There is none better than a fac-simile of the nail with which one of our Saviour's hands was pierced upon the cross. This can be bought at the church of S. Croce in Gerusalemme, where the original is shown, and also the reed on which the sponge was put to his mouth, the inscription set over the cross, two thorns from the crown, two vials, one containing Christ's blood and another his mother's milk, the cross-beam of the cross of the *good* thief, and many other most interesting objects. Other churches contain others equally precious.

LE GRAND PENITENCIER.

The forgiveness of certain grave sins is reserved to the higher ecclesiastics on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday of Holy-Week. A cardinal ascends a tribune and is seated upon a throne, in St. Peter's, and also in St. John in Lateran, and, while a brilliant throng gather about him, noble penitents ascend the steps and receive from him absolution and spiritual counsel. Minor ecclesiastics occupy the confessional-boxes, which are ranged against the walls of the great transepts, and each, holding a long, light wand, strikes gentle blows upon the group of humble peasants kneeling before him, thus symbolizing the forgiveness of their sins.

THE SACRED STAIRS.

Holy-Week in Rome would not be complete without a visit to the Sacred Staircase. Over against the church of St. John in Lateran, quite at the other end of the city from St. Peter's, stands the building known as the *Scala Santa*. The visitor enters a long and lofty vestibule, from the opposite side of which there rise several broad parallel staircases separated from each other by parallel walls. Each staircase consists of twenty-eight steps. They appear as if, together, they constituted the great entrance to some vast edifice above. The central staircase is covered with planks of oak, beneath the edges of which it can be seen that the marble steps are much worn. This central staircase is, by tradition, the staircase of Pilate's house in Jerusalem, down which our Saviour passed when going to crucifixion. In the oak planks which now protect it, at about the second and again at about the twelfth step, a plate of glass let into a hole cut for the purpose in the plank, permits the devout worshiper to see (by faith) what remains of the spots of blood which fell from the suffering Redeemer. It is permitted to any one to go up and down the staircases at the sides, but no one is allowed to pass over the Sacred Staircase except upon the knees. A monk seated at a little desk by the door is ready to call back any heedless stranger who may attempt to ascend them except in this way. The following statement, printed as a tract and distributed by this monk, to visitors, indicates the object of this ceremony:

THE VISIT TO THE HOLY STAIRS.

> One of the most sacred remembrances of the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ is certainly the Holy Stairs, worthy of the veneration of all Christians, since they were mounted so many times by our Divine Redeemer, and sanctified by his precious Blood during the last hours of his life.
>
> These Stairs, brought from Jerusalem to Rome, under the protection of the Empereess Helena, about the year 326, and placed in the chapel called *Sancta Sanctorum*, universally celebrated, have at all times been much frequented by both sexes, of every class, who mount the steps on their knees.
>
> To engage more particularly Christians to accomplish this act of devotion, so precious and useful to the soul of the devout, S. Leo the IV. towards the year 850, and Pascal the II. by his Bull of the 5th August 1100, first year of his election (the Original Bull is conserved in the Archive of the Basilic of S. John of Lateran) granted 9 years of indulgence for each of the 28 steps of the foresaid Holy Stairs, once of the Pretor's house of Pontius Pilate, wehen it will be mounted on the knee, with a contrite heart, praying or méditating on the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ.
>
> *Pius VII. by a Decree of the Holy Congregation of Indulgences September the 2. 1817 renewed this indulgence, but perpetually, and declared that it may be applied also to the souls in Purgatory.*
>
> ROMA 1866.—*with approbation.*

There are poor women loitering about the door ready to do this penance for any one; so that for the trifling consideration of two copper sous, one can have the Pope's assurance that 252 years is taken off his future punishment.

Arrived at the head of the Sacred Staircase, the visitor, from the landing, looks through a grated window into a sombre little chapel, which is called the Holy of Holies, and where a very ancient and highly valued image of Christ is kept, among many other precious relics, and is uncovered to view once in the year.

MASS IN THE SISTINE CHAPEL.

On the days succeeding the triumphal procession of Palm-Sunday the services grow more sorrowful and penitential, until the church is in mourning, and the Lamentations are sung. On Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday the most important services of the week take place in the presence of a very select audience in the Sistine Chapel. This chapel is a large hall in the Palace of the Vatican, connected by a great staircase with the vestibule of St. Peter's. Its lofty walls and long ceiling afforded scope for the greatest paintings of Michael Angelo. The solemn ceremonies which take place within these walls are the most impressive, if not the most imposing of the week. The mournful service is called the *Tenebræ*, because formerly celebrated at night. On Friday the deepest gloom prevails. The altars are stripped, the canopies removed. Purple robes are laid aside, and black appears. As the Lamentations are sung one candle after another is extinguished, until the climax of the service is reached in the famous *Miserere*—music such as is not elsewhere heard in the world.

THE WASHING OF FEET AND THE LAST SUPPER.

Every part of the services of the week has a character of life and action which gives to the whole the effect of a dramatic representation of "The Passion of Our Lord." On Thursday the mournful scene is somewhat relieved by symbols of joy. The priests appear in white garments, and the *Gloria in Excelsis* is sung. On this day is enacted the scene of the Last Supper and the washing of feet.

Thirteen priests are selected for the occasion, the selection being a significant honor, and they represent the Apostles while the Pope and cardinals attend and serve them in the washing and at the Supper. These ceremonies take place in different parts of the building, and on account of the crowd it is difficult if not impossible for a spectator to witness both the same season.

EXPOSITION OF RELICS IN ST. PETER'S.

Toward evening after the execution of the *Miserere* an imposing ceremony takes place in St. Peter's. The Chapel of St. Veronica in the Basilica contains, among other relics, the lance, a piece of the true cross, and the napkin of St. Veronica, upon which the imprint of Jesus's face was made when the pitying woman wiped his brow. The ecclesiastics, who alone can enter this chapel, appear upon a balcony above the arch, and illumined by lights placed for the purpose, which scarcely penetrate the surrounding darkness, they lower the reliquaries for a few moments into the view of the worshipers and spectators.

BLESSING THE WORLD.

On Thursday, after service in the Sistine Chapel in the forenoon, the great Benediction of the City and of the World is pronounced from the balcony of St. Peter's. The same ceremony is repeated under still more imposing circumstances on Easter Sunday about noon. In front of St. Peter's two lofty colonnades run forward, encircling, like outstretched arms, an immense area, which is paved and ornamented with an obelisk and fountains, and which, on such occasions as these, is filled with a crowd of spectators, in carriages and on foot, and with troops and peasantry. An awning over the upper central window of the façade is the point to which all eyes are directed to see the Pope, who appears there to pronounce the benediction. The vastness of the area is not apparent to the eye, so grand are its proportions. Some idea may be formed of it from the fact that it is five minutes' walk from the end of the colonnade in the fore-ground of the picture to the door of the church. The lofty building which is seen rising over the colonnades on the right is the Vatican, the palace of the Pope.

THE PROCESSION.

Easter Sunday is the culmination of these ceremonies. By five o'clock in the morning a crowd of visitors in grand toilet are awaiting patiently the opening of the doors of the vestibule of St. Peter's. Toward ten o'clock, when the great crowd that must stand are beginning to perish with fatigue, those for whom seats have been reserved have arrived and taken their places. A double rank of military is formed to open a route for the procession through the nave of the church; and to the sound of military music the procession enters, forming a bewildering *cortége* of whose brilliance and richness no verbal description suffices to convey an idea. The Pope is seen borne on the shoulders of men, wearing his crown, and shielded by the great plumes of peacock's feathers which are borne behind him. On this day, one of three times in the year, he officiates in person in the celebration of the mass. The elevation of the host, ordinarily indicated by the sound of a bell, is, on this occasion, signalized by military music, with the blasts of trumpets from a band concealed on high in the dome.

In the evening the vast area in front of the church is again crowded by spectators to witness the illumination of St. Peter's. Every line and angle in its architecture, including the vast ribs of the dome and the cross which crowns all, is drawn against the night sky in the blazing light of lamps and torches.

THE END OF LENT.

The season of sorrow which the Church commemorates is at an end, and pleasure and business resume their sway. Horse-races and military reviews draw Rome out of itself on a Sunday afternoon to the country beyond the walls. The throng of visitors is diminished by the attractions of Florence and Naples. The picnic excursions to neighboring mountains or ruins, and the fox-hunts in the Campagna, revive. And Rome grows more quiet, preparing for the hot stagnation of summer before the season shall come round again, bringing the world to witness Holy-Week in Rome.

HETTY.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY.

CHAPTER IV.

IN WHICH REBECCA LETS HER SENTIMENTS BE KNOWN, NOT ONLY TO HER LOVER, BUT TO THE WORLD IN GENERAL.

And, alas! for poor Rebecca. She was in very evil case indeed. She would have cried aloud for help from man, but there was none to help her; as for prayer, religion had been for a long time hateful to her, so that way out of her trouble was denied her.

The phase of anger and scorn in which her soul had staid so long was gone now she was alone. The reaction from it was a feeling of plaintive, pathetic loneliness, infinitely mournful. This in its turn produced silent tears; they in their turn produced calm, and calm thought.

Thought sadly lame, incoherent, unconsecutive, but thought still. Here was an evil, to her most real and horrible, to be escaped from. What were her chances alone against the world?

Sheer angry persistent defiance and wrath? How would that do? Well enough as long as it lasted; but could she depend on it to last forever? Would they not beat her by sheer perseverance? Hagbut and her father were uncompressible men of strong physical capacity: could they not wear her out? merely *tire* her out? For look at her now; tired out in body by her long effort, as weak as a child, sitting on the floor crying and calling on her dead mother, without even energy to go to bed. A fortnight's fight with her father would reduce her to this state permanently, and they would be able to do as they liked with her. *That* would not do.

Craft, procrastination? No, that would not do with her father. She knew him too well for that. It would only weaken her hand, and the end would be just the same. No, try again, poor Rebecca!

The Roman Catholics! Her face brightened, and her breath came fast as she thought of that. If she ran away to the Roman Catholics they would take her in for her mother's sake, and shelter her behind their altars. She believed that she had been baptized into their Church; if so, they would know in Cadogan Street, and that would give them a right over her. It seemed for a moment a brilliant idea, but it was soon dulled. The case of Miss T—— was fresh then, and she knew that as a minor (she was but nineteen), a policeman had only to trace her, her father to demand her, and she would be brought back a culprit, in a worse case than before.

Evils fairly faced vanish away one-half of them into thin air. She had found no solution as yet, yet she felt if she could only go on thinking, that one would come. It made her almost glad in her desperation, when she first got the faith, that she certainly should find a way out of her trouble if she only thought long enough. So that, when some wandering fiend said to her, "If the worst comes to the worst, Putney bridge is close by; and when the tide is ebbing strong there is an undersuck there which gives back nothing alive," she rose, laughed, and shaking out her black, sharply-curled hair before the glass, looked at her beauty, and said: "Not for him. I will bed in no Thames ooze for such as he."

"Suicide—no!" she said, proudly; and all in a moment, as she said the words, a crude, shapeless idea came rolling into her brain, dazing her and making her gasp.

Whence came it, this frightful amorphous idea? Was it only the last result of some mental sorites, tangled beyond the possibility of reduction; or was it a direct suggestion from the unseen powers, in which we all believe in one way or another? It was so shapeless at first that it made her head whirl; but as she, in her desperation, steadily faced it, it crystallized itself, and took form. The form it took was ugly enough, yet it looked beautiful to her beside the hideous fate to which she was to be condemned to-morrow.

Suicide! Why did lost women commit physical suicide? Why did weak, cowardly women gather courage to leap off dizzy places into dark water—off places which they shuddered to look at with their protecting lovers' arms round their waist? What gave them this preternatural courage? Why, they had committed suicide before. They had done that which left them no place in this English world. Done that which made them a loathing and a scorn to father, brother, sister—to every one, save mother—and she had none. What if she were to pretend to do that which would make it at all events utterly impossible for this horrible old man to marry her! What then? Was there no escape there? There was.

For her father she had no pity whatever. He had brought it on himself, and it would do him good. Her mother had been her only friend, and he had ill-treated her mother. She knew the whole of the old story, partly from memory and partly from cross-examining her foolish sister Caroline. She had no pity for him. He knew well her hatred for this match, and had pitilessly thrust it on. Let him look to himself.

But here came a difficulty. How was she, after she had gained her own object, to rehabilitate herself? What means should she use to prove herself utterly stainless and innocent before the world, whenever it should suit her to do so? She walked up and down an hour thinking over this. Without holding in her hand irrefragable proofs of her own innocence, she would have played her part too well, and would have made it impossible for her, at the proper time, to hurl back the scorn of their miserable little world upon itself. The way out of this difficulty came on her suddenly, like a clear flash of light; and she laughed at her own stupidity in not thinking of it before.

The night wore on, and she packed away her clothes in her drawers, putting a few necessaries in a carpet-bag. She counted out her money—£18 odd—more than sufficient for her purpose. Then she sat down and wrote a short letter to her father:

> "Sir,—It has pleased you, in spite of my frequently-expressed repugnance, to urge on my marriage with Mr. Hagbut.
>
> "As I desire to remain single, I have chosen, between two evils, to disgrace myself and my family sooner than contract such a monstrous alliance.
>
> "Your daughter,
>
> "Rebecca."

It was now broad daylight until half past six. At which time Jim Akin, the coster-monger, and Mr. Spicer, the sweep, saw her come out of the door with her carpet-bag, close it behind her, and walk straight away, apparently in the direction of Putney bridge.

"Off at last," said Jim Akin.

"Wonder she hadn't gone afore," said Mr. Spicer. "She's a' stood it a dratted sight longer ner I thought she would. Who's the young man, then?"

"Doubt there ain't nerry one," said Jim Akin, "I ain't seen none round."

"She is off to the Catholics, then," said Mr. Spicer. "Her mother was one, and so is my wife. They'll take good care on her."

"I am glad of that," said Jim Akin, the coster-monger; "for she is a gallus kindly, good wench. She's got what I call a young 'art, that gal has. She nigh kep my old girl when I was in—in the 'orspital."

Mr. Spicer, possibly from a habit of regarding the world from his early youth out of the tops of chimneys very early in the morning, when there was little smoke, was a philosopher. This, also, was one of his clean days; he had had his bath overnight, having sent one of his assistants to the "black bed," and was a respectable tradesman instead of a grimy ruffian. He philosophized thus:

"Gals is much the same as boys is. I've hammered and leathered a boy into a cross flue, and he has choked hisself for spite. I've coaxed another boy into that self-same flue, and he has gone through it like a ferret. That girl has been leathered too much morally. I hope she will do no worse than going to the Catholics. Meanwhile it ain't, neither for you nor for me, to give the office on her."

Mr. Hagbut, coming for his answer at ten o'clock, found a scared household. Turner had not gone to business. He received Mr. Hagbut in the parlor.

Turner's state of mind was fury, nothing short of it. His daughter had utterly disgraced him, and perhaps it was fortunate for her that she was beyond his reach. At work in Turner's mind just then there were all the elements which, boiled in a caldron together, produce a thorough hell-broth of blind anger. His religion was very precious to him. I can not say why, for it gave him no comfort, but one sees it every day; and his pet scheme had been to increase his influence in this sect by the marriage of his daughter to their most popular and most *répandu* minister. It was to him like a marriage with a duke: here his vanity was touched. Again, he prided himself on being master in his own house, and had been defied and beaten. Once again, as a man of the world, he knew that he had been an utter fool in trying to force that beautiful, self-willed daughter of his on this dreadful, crawling old imbecile: here his self-love was touched. Once more, he saw now that he had acted like a fool throughout: and here was the *auctor mali*, the dreadful, unctuous old man, with a head like a bladder of lard, turning his hands over and over before him, and asking how his sweet sister was this bright morning.

Turner, who *was* a man, saw the utter folly of the whole thing in one moment.

"If by your sweet sister you mean my daughter," he said, "she is utterly ruined and lost. She has run away, God knows whither and with whom."

"Our dear sister fled?" said Mr. Hagbut.

A man can not, however religious, continually sit in law courts without knowing something of the ordinary language of his fellow-men. Mr. Turner was excited and angry, and, in his language at least, fell away from grace.

"I speak plainly. She has run away; and, upon my soul and body, I admire her for it. I wish I could get the wench back again, though.

There were worse wenches than she. You and I are two fools, I doubt, Hagbut."

Mr. Hagbut began, "Peradventure—"

"Say perhaps," said Turner, testily.

"Perhaps, then," said Mr. Hagbut, solemnly, "your other daughter is at home, likewise the handmaiden?"

"What do you want with them?"

"Only, in the presence of Christian witnesses, to say that it can not be with me and your daughter as it was before. The few sheep in the wilderness—"

"What do you mean, man?" said Turner, sternly. "Do you mean that it is all over between you and my daughter?"

"Doubtless," said Mr. Hagbut. "The flock—"

"Hang the flock!" snapped Turner. "Can't you see that my poor girl would not touch you with a pair of tongs; that she would sooner ruin her reputation (and she is a high-spirited girl) than have any thing to do with you? Of course it is all over. We were fools to think of it."

"Doubtless," said Mr. Hagbut.

"Look here, man," said Turner, speaking as the man and the lawyer; "there must be one thing understood about my girl. She has left her father's roof, and I don't know where she is gone. But if you, or any of your good women, dare to say one word against her character, without legal proof, by the living Lord I'll make you sweat for it, or I'm no lawyer! Perhaps I've been wrong with the wench, perhaps I was wrong with her mother; but you mind what I tell you."

So Rebecca had won her first move. She would have laughed had she known it, but she did not. She had taken down a tress of gray hair, and had twisted it in one of her own black curls, and had said: "How long will it be, Elizabeth, before they make my hair as gray as yours with their nonsense?" And old Elizabeth had said: "Well, we shall see the sea at the next station, and I have not seen it for forty years."

That was not a lucky day for Mr. Hagbut. He could not go near any one without being sympathized with, which was very terrible. Some lamented with him, some piously congratulated him on his escape; while the more influential of his congregation, those who could not be well refused, made him tell them all about it. A jilted man always looks more or less of a fool. The world has always put in force its penalty of contempt against those who are unsuccessful in love or war; and Mr. Hagbut knew that he was undergoing it, and, using his vast powers of looking foolish, he really succeeded in doing so. A most unsuccessful day!

Meanwhile, one thing was certain. Whatever had become of Rebecca, she would be persecuted by no more offers of marriage.

CHAPTER V.

THE LITTLE FRIENDS.

LEADER STREET, Chelsea, is one of those streets which utterly and entirely belong to the poor. It is a place where you may see the very poor at home in person, and looking at the stalls and shops where they traffic for their daily bread, may guess how hard it is for them to live.

The largest and most frequented shop in one street was the coal and green-grocery shop, dealing also in potatoes, bundles of fire-wood, and ginger-beer. The grocer's was a Saturday-night shop, as was also the butcher's. The green-grocer's, however, supplied some littler want, which might arrive at any moment. Half a hundred of coals, a bundle of wood, a couple of pounds of potatoes, were things in demand all the week round. Tibbeys were seldom still.

Tibbey himself was a very little man, like an innocent little bird, with a little shop, and a twittering way of serving in his shop that reminded you of a robin or some other soft-billed bird. Mrs. Tibbey was much larger, blonde, stout, and gray, and she looked as though she might have been something of a beauty in her youth; and, indeed, she was beautiful now, as far as an expression of gentle goodness could make her so.

This couple were perfectly devoted to one another, and were uneasy at the absence of either. In religion they were Primitive Methodists; and they were childless.

Except indeed by adoption, as it were. One child, whom Mrs. Tibbey had nursed, was very near to both their hearts, and always remembered in their prayers night and morning. They had risen from their knees, and almost had her name in their mouths when the door opened and she stood before them.

Rebecca, ready dressed for traveling. Before they had time to ejaculate she said, "Libber, dear, I have run away to you." Whereupon Mrs. Tibbey, as a preliminary measure, folded her in her arms.

"And I want my breakfast, please; I am so hungry. Please put some more tea in, Mr. Tibbey, for I shall want a deal, and I hate it weak. And could you let me have the cat? Then I will tell you all about it."

She was as willful with these good souls as she was at home; but, ah! with what a different willfulness.

"Yes," she said, as they began bustling about, "I have run right away, Mr. Tibbey. They were going to marry me to Mr. Hagbut."

"My pretty bird," said Mrs. Tibbey, pausing in her preparations to swell in pigeon-like indignation, and coo out her wrath, "my pretty love, how dared they?"

"Like their impudence, was it not?" replied Rebecca, very anxious not to make the matter look too serious. "Well, you know I was not going to stand *that*—far from it—and so I have run away to you, Libber, to make my terms from a distance. And you will lend her to me for three days, won't you, Mr. Tibbey, just to take care of me?"

"Miss Rebecca," said the little man, "you may, I think, depend on Elizabeth, as heretofore, always doing what is right. And what is right in this case, my dear young lady, is that she should go with you where you will, so that hereafter the finger—do I use too strong an expression, and give offense?"

"Just what I mean," cried Rebecca.

"Then I will use that strong expression—that the finger of scorn may never be p'inted. And indeed," continued the good little man, with the ferocious air of that most pugnacious bird the robin, "I should like to see the man who would dare."

What could Rebecca do but kiss him? She did it, however; and Mr. Tibbey toasted a muffin with many ominous shakes of the head, as though he would say, "I shall have to look some of these folks up some day, if they don't mind their manners."

It was a dingy little parlor enough (though scrupulously neat), and smelt of the stock in trade, in addition to the smell which I have smelt elsewhere, but have always, from early association, associated with Leader Street, underlying the whiff of red herring, cabbage, and coal, with perhaps a whiff of turpentine from the bundles of fire-wood; there was the true, low-London odor of soot and confined humanity. Yet what a free little paradise it was to Rebecca! The inevitable going home was days off in the dim distance as yet. She was free, and with those who loved her; her heart was so light that she could have sung aloud.

These simple, gentle Methodists, primitive in more than their methodism, saw nothing very extraordinary in the step which Rebecca had taken. It seemed to them that she had acted with singular discretion in coming straight to them. Living there as they did, in perfect purity and innocence, with sin and vice and poverty all around them, they were well used to far more terrible things than the mere fact of a young lady, sore-bested by an uncongenial marriage, taking refuge with them. Only one remark did Mrs. Tibbey make on the subject during breakfast.

"Why, my dear soul, your good pa must be mad to think of such a thing! Why, he is sixty!"

"He is very rich," said Mr. Tibbey, blowing a saucer of tea. "He is the richest minister in that communion. He got no less than twenty—five—thousand—pound with his last wife. She was the widder Ackerman of Cheyne Walk, and he convinced her of sin, and married her."

"Law!" said Mrs. Tibbey, evidently not disinclined to hear more. "That would be a great snare for a minister. Got all her money, did he?"

"Every shilling," said Mr. Tibbey, holding out his cup for some more tea. "It was thought down the river-side way that her cousin, Mrs. Morley, would have had some of it, for she brought him into the house. But she didn't."

"What Mrs. Morley was that?" asked Rebecca, interested.

"Minister Morley's wife of Lime'us 'ole, my dear. She is dead some years now. Overworked herself, trapesing round after him among the poor of his communion, as lives round the 'ole, and up Ratcliff 'ighway, and all along shore there to Wapping. And she died, poor dear. Ah! the folks in their communion say that she was never truly awakened, and fell away from grace to the extent of refusing the ordinances altogether. But he loved her as I love Elizabeth. And she died."

"I know Mr. Morley," said Rebecca, eagerly.

"Then, my dear, you know a man who is as a sweet savor in God's nostrils. He is not of our communion on this earth; but we shall know him in heaven, and her too, maybe."

"What *was* Mr. Morley?" asked Rebecca.

"A gentleman, my dear."

"I *thought* so," said Rebecca.

"Yes, a gentleman and a scholar," said Mr. Tibbey; "with more of the knowledge of this world, and of science—falsely so called—than is good for a true Christian; for the knowledge of this world is vanity."

"I should like to judge for myself about that," thought Rebecca.

"He *were* a doctor, but he got converted, and joined their communion. He was from Cambridge College—one of the Simonites, I think they call 'em—but he pitched it all up when he got converted. There is the shop. Now you and Elizabeth see what you are going to do." And so the good man went out to weigh coals.

"Elizabeth," said Rebecca, "we must go from here this morning. Are you afraid to go to Broadstairs?"

"Not in the least. Would, indeed, very much like it."

"Then get ready," was all that Rebecca said; and the good woman departed to do so. The simple woman was entirely at the girl's disposal. She dreaded nothing but sin, and as far as that was concerned would have trusted her darling any where. But she knew also, that as long as she kept by the girl her fair fame could not be touched; and she went with cheerful recklessness.

It was not long before they had found an omnibus in the King's Road. An hour and a half afterward they were whirling along through the chalk-pits of Kent toward the sea. In the evening they were having tea together at an open window in a little cottage, with the sea gossiping to them at their feet; the Foreland a dim black wall, close on their right, and the white-winged ships creeping away to happy lands, where there was no chapel and no Sundays.

So said Rebecca. "It is good for me to be here," she said; "I could stand every thing except that man, if they would let me come here three days in the year. I could live six months in the recollection, and the next six on the anticipation. Libber, dear, let us run away again next year."

It was pleasant enough by daylight, it was pleasant enough by moonlight; but in the dark, dark morning, when the moon was down, and she awoke in the dark in a strange room, how was it then? Ghastly, horrible! What frightful machinery was this she had put in motion for the temporary destruction of her own good name and her father's? And how was it at that weary, ghostly old house at Walham Green? What were they saying of her? And she must go back to it in three days—a ruined girl. Would she dare do so? or would she die of fright, of sheer terror, as she approached it? There was the horrible old house, and there waited her angry father at the door. She had only taken the sole means to save herself from a fate worse than death; and now, in the darkness, she felt like a murderess and an outcast. What had she done that God should plague her so?

She could lie no longer in her horror. She rose and went to the window. The very blessed sea talked no longer under her windows, but had gone far out on to the sands, and was whispering there. There was no light in the sky, and there was darkness and terror in her soul.

Darkness and terror! The crowning horror in Frankenstein is the closed room where the monster must be. Her crowning horror was the old house at Walham Green, to which she must return and meet her father. The men who study a certain kind of wickedness say that what is wanted with women is opportunity. I believe that if the Rev. Mr. Hagbut had been able to take advantage of his opportunity, and had pressed his suit just then, poor Rebecca would have accepted him and thanked him. As she was in the dark, in the strange room, that man, coarse brute as he was, would have been a release from the closed, dull, disgraced house at home, with all its traditions and respectabilities violated in her wildly audacious person.

CHAPTER VI.

THE RETURN.

THESE were night-thoughts, how different were those of the day! The sea had come back and was rippling and plashing crisply at her feet. The bright sun was overhead, and a brisk east wind was driving the ships past the downs and down the channel. A pleasant sight. The outward-bound ones, full-breasted, crowded with canvas, gay; the home-going ones, sailless, melancholy, towed by steamers against the wind; however, one need only look at the outward-bound ones just now, in three days' time one may think of the others.

Many ships went to and fro before Rebecca was tired of looking at them. She got more and more interested in them as time went on, asking all manner of questions about them from the boatmen and others on the beach; simple cockney questions, which puzzled those she asked in her very simplicity; even when her weary head was turned homeward they were still in her mind's eye.

Her despair at going back was so dull that it was nearly painless. "What signifies a little agony more or less?" Here, however, had been three days from which they could not deprive her; they would last her a long time these three days.

She came home about nine o'clock on the Saturday night. Her father opened the door, and she passed in quite silently, and taking off her bonnet, sat down, whereupon her sister Caroline began to cry, which assisted Mr. Turner in opening the conversation.

"You may well cry, my poor child," he began; "you must be worn out with this three days' anxiety, my dear; your sister seems none the worse for her disgraceful escapade."

"I am hungry and I want my supper," was all she said. "You can scold while I eat it. Only make a finish and end of it as soon as you can."

"Rebecca, where have you been, and what have you been doing?" said her father.

"I am not going to tell you," she replied; "I am not going to say one word."

"Are you aware that Mr. Hagbut's visits have permanently ceased, in consequence of your extraordinary conduct, and that your character is not worth *that?*"

"It was you who drove me to this course by your cruel abetting of that most unnatural marriage. If my mother had been alive you would not have dared to do it. Have you any thing more to say?"

"I have," said Turner, getting thoroughly angry; "your sister's character and position are affected."

"What, old Carry; why what has she been doing?"

"I mean that her position is affected through you. Are you aware that young Mr. Vergril seemed exceedingly likely to pay attention to your sister, and that your behavior has rendered such a course impossible on the part of any member of such an exceedingly strict family?"

"Give Carry the money you were going to give me in addition to her own, and he will come fast enough, I'll warrant you. My poor old Carry," she went on, kissing her sister, "I hope I have not lost you your sweet-heart. They drove me to it, you know."

Carry only introduced an imbecile whimper into her crying, as though she had been playing the organ and pulled out another stop. The stop would not go in again, and so she arose swiftly and went hysterically up stairs.

"Poor Carry," said Rebecca, dolefully, "I am very sorry for her; she would have liked the persistent self-inflicted misery of that Vergril family, and would have enjoyed herself thoroughly." So saying, she rose and rang the bell, and when the maid came, ordered supper.

When the maid was gone Mr. Turner had a few more words to say. "You are carrying matters coolly, Rebecca. But there is one thing I wish you distinctly to understand. The next time you leave my house without my permission you leave it for good."

"I quite understand that! You drove me out of it, and I went for my own purposes. I shall not go again. Have you any thing more to say?"

"Nothing at present."

"This may seem an unpropitious time to say what I am going to say, but I will say it, nevertheless," resumed Rebecca, very quietly and calmly. "Father, I remember something, and I know more. I know that this has always been a miserable and most unhappy house. I know that you and my mother were bitter enemies, instead of being as husband and wife should be. I know that all your recollections of my poor mother are painful, revolting, shocking; and I know that I being like her in person and temper have kept them alive. We have never been friends. Say that it has been my fault. I say that I am tired of it, and wish to be friends; I am sick of this everlasting antagonism of will between us; it has done no good. I have resisted you, but you are as obstinate as ever; you have tried to coerce me, with what success I leave the last three days to tell. Why should this battle—this unnatural battle go on? Can not you let me love you? Such a little yielding on your part would make a heaven out of this most miserable world. Will you answer?"

Not one word would he answer, except to say, "Have you any thing more to advance?"

"Yes. I left here three days ago a desperate, hardened woman, casting my good name to the winds to save myself from a fate worse than death, which you had prepared for me. During those three days I have been lapped in love—a love abundant and never failing, and surrounded by a religion purer and gentler than yours, father; a religion which hopeth all things, and believeth all things. And in spite of my cold bearing and my hard words, I have come back softened and purified. Father, life is not so very long, and we shall, I suppose, never part again. If I have said hard and bitter things since I came into the house, will you forgive them me as I forgive what you have said, and let us learn to love one another?"

No. His heart was dumb to it. He had never yielded to the mother, was it likely he would yield to the daughter? He told her in a surly voice to show her repentance and amendment by duty and obedience, and then began his supper, as she did also, feeling obstinate, angry, and humiliated, but also having "a mighty disposition to cry."

She spoke next, hard as iron. "My health will suffer if I am entirely confined to this house, and you would scarcely wish that. May I walk up and down the lane if I promise not to go out of it? You may set Mrs. Russel and Miss Soper to watch me, if you like; or, if you think it worth having, I will give you my word of honor."

"You may go from one end of the lane to the other, but no further. I'll have no scandals any more. I ain't so rich as some think, but I'm well trusted—very few dream how much. And my good name is more precious to me than any money. And I've tried to keep it good," he went on, in a loud excited manner. "And any other would have made thousands where I've made hundreds; and no one has ever dragged my name in the dirt except your mother and you. And I served God faithful," he went on, now beginning to weep, poor fellow. "And I tried to keep my name clean: the greatest in the land have said to me, 'Turner, you are not a lawyer, you know, you are a friend, we can trust you here, your name is unspotted;' and God has afflicted me like this. First your mother, and then you."

Rebecca's bolder and more generous nature, which indeed was ill-directed, the main cause of her petulance, was thoroughly aroused. She went to him and took both his hands, saying, quickly:

"Father! father! your good name shall not suffer from me. I am as innocent as the day. I can prove my innocence at any moment. Do you think that *I* have done any thing unworthy of you? Do you think that I did not have my proofs behind me as clear as noon?"

"Proofs! silly girl, yes; but who will believe them? You little know this wretched world and its tongues. Do you think that any thing will ever quiet old Russel and old Soper's tongues? You are a fool if you do."

"And who are they?" asked Rebecca, loftily.

"The tongues of the world we live in. The tongues which would turn against me first of all, and ruin me in our religious connection, if any thing went wrong. You don't know the world, and are a fool."

"I wish you had been away with me these three days, father; you might have got to despise this little, squalid world of ours."

But he remained sulky and silent. Yet in a surly strange manner he took her into his confidence before he went to bed.

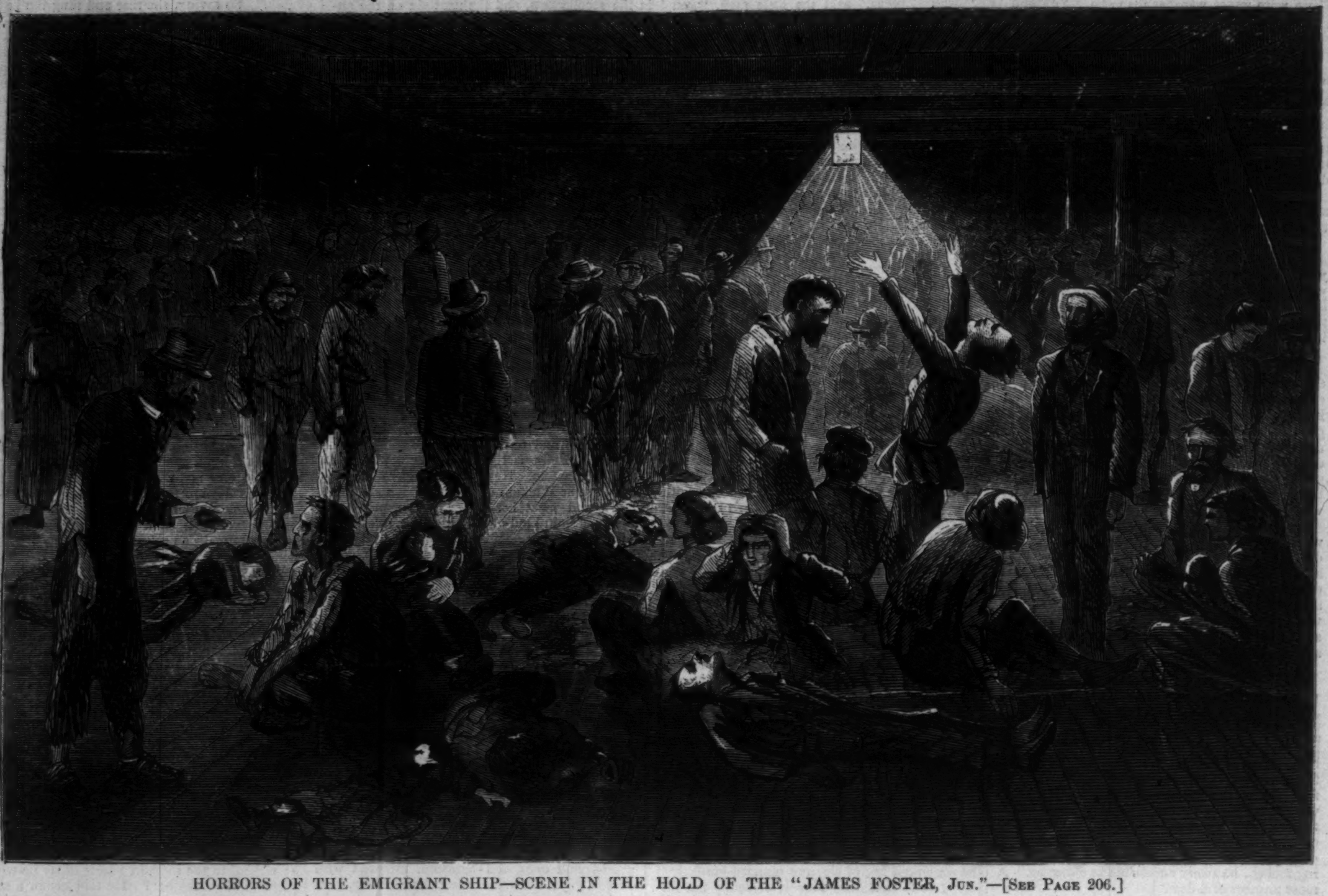
"You are a bold, courageous girl," he growled. "I needn't ask that, this week's experience shows that."

"I believe that I have good courage, father."

"That's lucky, because your sister Carry is a nervous fool. And you are a light sleeper, too, I know."

"Yes, the slightest thing awakes me."

"Then see if you can make yourself useful. If you hear the very slightest noise in the night, you run to my bedroom just as you are, shake me, and pull me out of bed. You will find a light burning. I am apt to be mazed and stupid



HORRORS OF THE EMIGRANT SHIP—SCENE IN THE HOLD OF THE "JAMES FOSTER, Jun."—[See Page 206.]

when first awakened. Are you afraid of fire-arms?"

"I never saw any. I will do what you tell me. I will trust you thoroughly."

He went to a drawer in the side-board, and came back with a Deane and Adams revolver in his hand.

"See here," he said. "If I am not fairly awake, you will find this on the stand by my bed's head. If any man comes into my room before I am ready, take it—so—hold the barrel toward him—so—and keep pulling the trigger back—so. And screech murder the while. Can you do that?"

"I will try. But why is this? Have you much money in the house?"

"Money and worse."

"Could you not pay it into the banker's?"

"No, I daren't. I know too much. You would not be fool enough to talk of this?"

"Is it likely?" she said, smiling. "Will you say good-night?"

"Yes, I will say good-night. But mind, your treatment depends on your behavior. If you think you are forgiven, you will find yourself mistaken. I'll have obedience."

And so he went. And she began putting away the consumable portions of the banquet, that portion of the family supplies which, by a fiction current in such houses, the little servant is supposed habitually to pick and steal (their little servant would as lief have eaten molten lead). She had put away the cheese, the sugar, the whisky, and had locked the cupboard. She had got the ham, the loaf, and the lettuce on a tray, and was starting down stairs to lock them up in the larder away from the cat, who was all the time playing a game combined of cat's-cradle and puss-in-the-corner between her feet, mewing in a bland whisper, when she drove the tray into her father's chest, and brought him up short. "Ho!" he said. "Putting the things away. That's right."

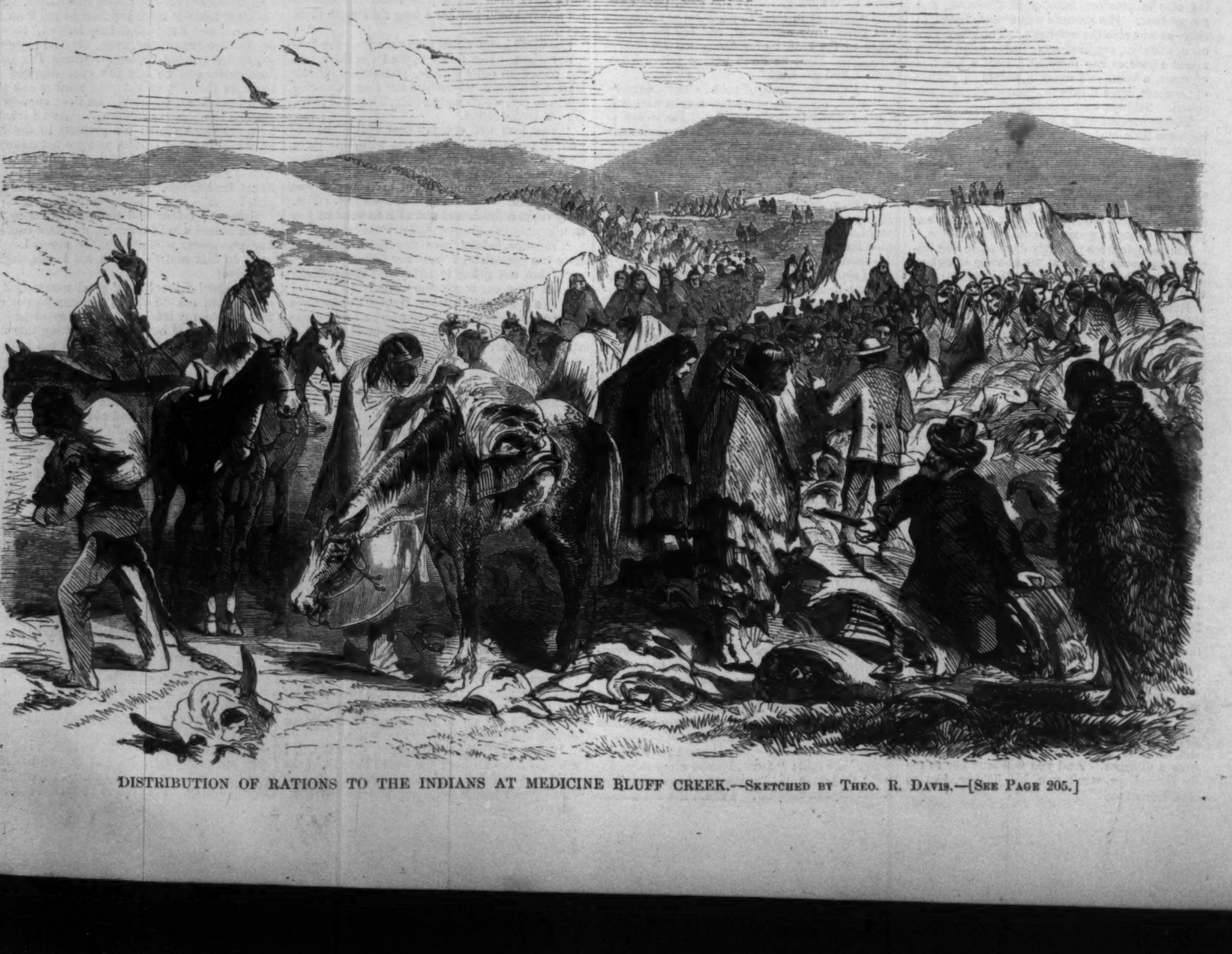
The cat at once intertwined herself between his legs and amicably tripped him up.

"Bother the cat!" he exclaimed; "but she reminds me, though. I don't want to make it any duller than I can for you, Rebecca; only I will have order kept. You asked me last year if you might have a dog. And I said no."

"You did."

"I say yes now. You can have a dog, if it is a pleasure to you—"

"May I have a large one, or a little one?"



DISTRIBUTION OF RATIONS TO THE INDIANS AT MEDICINE BLUFF CREEK.—Sketched by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 205.]

"Any size; but let him be a barker, a tearer, a dog that never sleeps. Silcox has got dogs that would tear the heart's life out of a man, if he bent his black brows at them, and the other day I saw his grandchildren playing at horses with them. Get a dog like that, if you can; but get a barker."

CHAPTER VII.

THE NEW LIFE.

In the whole history of insurrections I honestly believe that comparatively few are entirely unsuccessful. The position of the insurgent party is, in most instances, after a short time bettered. The fact is, one would fancy that no government is strong enough to stand many serious insurrections, and therefore, as soon as its stomach or its safety will allow, gives magnanimously what it would be dangerous to refuse to a high-spirited and well-organized minority—like Rebecca.

Her insurrection was not entirely without its fruits. If you come to consider, a daughter who has shown herself able and willing, under provocation, to absent herself promptly and secretly from home—making you look like a fool, and harassing you with inexorable terrors—is by no means a young lady to be trifled with. I once, in the range of my own personal experience, knew a young lady of tender years, in a certain school, who had the singular physical power of being very ill under the slightest contradiction; I mean ill as people are ill off the North Foreland. That child ruled the school, and learned just what she chose—which was nothing.

Turner was going to have no more escapades in his house. If Rebecca had only known her power she might have done pretty much as she liked, but she did *not* know it. Her feeling was, that she had utterly overstepped natural bounds, and had been on the whole, for her father, kindly received home. Her feeling about her escapade was one of sheer terror, now that the old manner of life was all around her. It would take a still more dreadful provocation to make her take such a step again.

Women, trained for so many centuries to entire dependence, are not good at a long, steady defiance to association and habit. That they are capable of it, the whole world knows; but if it is forced on them the sustained effort which it costs them makes them coarse, fierce, and unwomanly. This continual effort of defiance will soon make, from habit, a woman's voice hoarse and manlike.

Rebecca happily escaped this. Her father had yielded, grudgingly, indeed, yet still had yielded; more than she had hoped for. Her condition was improved. The heretofore forbidden lane, with all its wonders, was at all events hers now. With fresh healthy vitality, with the curiosity toward the world and its ways of a child in the wood, this lane, with its swarming, dirty population, was as a deeply interesting book to her, which she was eager to read.

She was the first moving in the household on Monday morning: the intervening Sunday she had passed in bed. She roused the maid, and left the others sleeping. When they came down there was breakfast ready, the Bible set by his plate, her father's boots in their place, the newspaper warmed and ready for him, and his rasher of bacon hot in the fender. These facts, being taken by the allied powers as denoting contrition on her part, were received by her father in dumb silence, and by good Carry, who always trumped her father's trick, by a wondering sniff or two.

She did not care. She was to go into the lane, and have a dog of her own. Hagbut was a thing of the past; she would soon win these two over.

The portion of Scripture which Mr. Turner had to read that morning was rather unpropitious to his purpose of twisting a moral out of it to hurl at Rebecca's head. It was the journey of Jonah to Nineveh. He thought that he should have to leave her moral exercitation to the prayer, when, stumbling on, he came to the fact that Jonah was three days and three nights in the whale's belly, exactly the time which Rebecca had been away. He emphasized this point so strongly, and paused so long, that Carry groaned, and the little maid—aroused suddenly from the orthodox religious coma, into which she always fell on the celebration of any form of worship, public or private—exclaimed, "Laws a mercy me!"

It was a great, though unforeseen, point or hit, this suggested parallel between Jonah and Rebecca; but Mr. Turner was too old a hand not to see that it would not hold water too far. Rebecca thought that he would have twisted it into the prayer; but he knew better. He started from an entirely new basis of operations. "It don't matter," said Rebecca; "I shall catch it somehow. And so, when her father said, "Let us pray," she knelt down, wondering how he was going to do it.

He led up to his theme in the most masterly manner. It was feebly like some Scotch sermons, which one dimly remembers. You know the preacher's theme from his text, and you hear him go away into subjects apparently irrelevant, possibly three vague themes, which seem to have no relation to his text. You sit puzzled, and yet pleased, while he spins his first crude mass of yarn off into a single thread and leaves it. Then he spins you another heap of yarn into a thread; and leaving that, another; and then, taking his three threads, he spins them into a cord, which brings you back to his original proposition and his text. Then you take out your watch, and find that you have been sitting, with your intellect at its highest power, for one hour or so, and have thought it twenty minutes. A good Scotch sermon is not a thing to be despised. The Scotch are not considered to be devoid of brains, and they like them.

Turner's prayer had no similarity to a good Scotch sermon more than this. Rebecca knew that she would be his theme, and wondered how he would handle it. He handled it well enough for an Englishman. A Scotchman or a French preaching priest would have done it better; but it was creditable in a mere amateur.

Turner began by airing the old question of the permission of evil. The higher power doubtless knew best, he wished that there might be no mistake about *that;* but, at the same time, he, Turner, did beg and pray the First Cause to reconsider his opinions, and take to governing the universe more in accordance with his, Turner's, ideas than heretofore. He proceeded to offer a singular number of practical suggestions to the First Cause, which he hoped might be practically attended to on the first opportunity. And then he began to draw up to Rebecca, who knelt with her head on one side, wondering what he was going to say.

It was in the thanksgiving part of the prayer that he overthrew and demolished Rebecca, to her great admiration and wonder. She had begun to think that he was going to leave her alone altogether, for she was at a loss to understand how he could have any great thanksgiving to make on her account; but when he began to thank the First Cause for such afflictions as had been sent him, and also for the strength which had been given to him in bearing them, she saw how he was going to do it—and admired.

She wondered much at his ingenuity in attacking her under a form of thanksgiving to the Deity. She wondered still more at the ingenuity of the details; but what she admired most of all was the singular, self-complacent egotism which underlay his whole prayer, and which cropped up at every point. She knew of old her father's habit, common enough to men who live in a little world, of talking of himself to other men; but to hear him, while attacking her, point out his manifest excellences to the Deity, and then compare himself to a miserable worm, filled her with pure astonishment. She had never before seen how entirely her father was given to self-worship. Abraham's pleading was reasonable; her father's was utterly unreasonable. When he came to the ultimate point of summing up his utterly blameless life, and thanking Providence for afflicting him with an undutiful and rebellious daughter to keep him from the sin of self-glorification, she was pained and dazed. She wanted to love him; how could she when he was so far from all else that she loved? Her father's religious exercise this morning had by no means a good effect on her. She was angry and sulky when she rose from her knees.

And she had meant to be so good. She left Carry to administer the little cares of domestic life which she, in the warmth of her heart, had prepared. She was silent and angry, and her father congratulated himself on having brought her to a sense of sin. He had brought her to a deep hatred of his form of religion.

She ate her breakfast in silence, but, keeping in mind the admissions of last night, saw that they must be kept before him. Toward the end of breakfast she said,

"I am to have a dog; and I am to walk up and down the lane; that is allowed. I wish that some arrangement might be come to under which I was not to be prayed at by pa before the maid, but that, I suppose, is hopeless. I can only say that, if it happens again, I shall rise from my knees and walk in the lane. I hate it."

"My dearest Rebecca!" said poor Carry.

"You may well say your dearest Rebecca, you two," said Rebecca, sullenly. "I meant to be as good as gold this morning, and submit, and be cheerful, and all that sort of thing. But I wish it understood that I will not be prayed at by pa, and thanksgivinged for by pa, or any one else. I may as well state my intentions at once. It is more than probable that very shortly I shall join the communion of the Primitive Methodists."

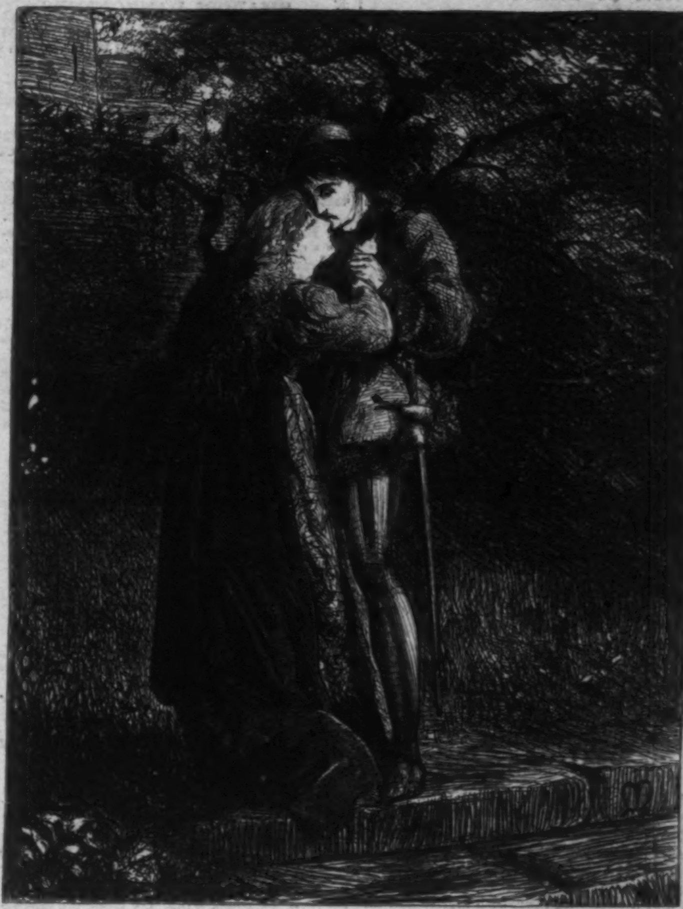
This was not quite such a dreadful threat to Mr. Turner as it was to Carry. Certainly, Mr. Turner reflected, the poor little Primitives were a low and poor sect, and the secession of one of the members of his household from a sect so rich as his, small though it was, a sect which nearly rivaled the National Church, would be as sad a thing as the secession of an ultra-evangelical in the National Church to Wesleyanism or the Baptists. Yet, after all, if she did go, it would be one way of accounting for her eccentricity. He put on his boots and went to business in tolerable humor. If she did not do worse than go to the Primitive Methodists, and if that abominably sleepy policeman would keep his eye on the house for a few months, matters would right themselves.

ISSUING BEEF TO THE INDIANS AT MEDICINE BLUFF CREEK.

Our correspondent writes from Medicine Bluff Creek, where the different bands of Comanche, Kiowa, Apache, and Arrapahoe Indians are assembled, prior to their location on the reservations allotted them, and thus describes the scene which we present on page 205:

"The Indians are daily supplied with rations of beef, which is killed and piled up in a convenient location for distribution. Sometimes we issue the beef on the hoof, and the Indians kill it for themselves; but they seem to prefer to have the labor of killing and quartering done by our butchers, as they can then come for and receive the quantity that may be apportioned to them. Nearly a hundred head of cattle are daily slaughtered to feed these, for the time, friendly Indians, who besides this draw rations of flour and bread. The Cheyennes have not yet come in. General Custer has gone after them to bring them in, quietly if possible; if not, he will attempt to force them."

Our late Secretary of War is to take the field against the Indians in place of General Sheridan.



FALSE AND TRUE.

Two walked under the olive-trees shading the walls of an ancient town,
Long ago, as with gold and purple canopied bravely the sun went down.

Strangely mated for lovers, they—he an eagle, and she a dove—
He with eyes of prophecy, under such a forehead as laurels love;

She with bashful and tender face, softly radiant with love's surprise—
Flushed with pink, like a peach-tree blossom under the fair Italian skies.

"Farewell, darling," he smiling said; "though this parting be bitter pain,
To the labor whose crowning waits me I must go—but I come again.

"Then, sweet love, how your heart will beat! From your swallow's nest looking down
You shall see how the eager people greet me back to the dear old town.

"Years may pass ere that golden day, fate and fortune may be unkind,
Yet no woman shall call me husband save the dear one I leave behind.

"Will you love me with patient love?—hold me precious the long years through?
Let us see, when the test is over, which of our two hearts proves most true!"

So he followed his guiding star to the region of song and art,
Wrought his dreams in the deathless marble, wooing Fame with a lover's heart.

Every shape of immortal youth which the soul of the artist thrills,
Charmed to sleep by some weird enchanter under the fair Carrara hills—

Gods and heroes of days gone by; saints and cherubs, a shining band—
Woke and rose, in their snowy beauty perfect under his master-hand.

Friendship sought him, and praise, and power; many a heart he wronged and rent;
Many a worship he won and wasted—smiling, spoiling, where'er he went;

Went the way that an artist loves, skimming the selfish sweets of life—
Giving to no one noble woman, loved and reverenced, the name of wife;

Yet he frittered his heart away, little by little, on many shrines,
Keeping nothing for her who waiting looked for him through her window vines.

So his beautiful years went by, smoothed by honors and ease and gold,
Till at last, after fourscore summers, all the days of his life were told.

Then they took him in splendid state back once more to the dear old town,
Where with his early love he wandered long ago as the sun went down.

Down the street as his funeral passed, leaning out from her casement high,
Pale and trembling, a white-haired woman gazed and wept as the crowd went by.

All are conquered by Fate or Time—there are changes in fifty years—
Fifty years! And alas, a widow gave the dead man these burning tears.

She whose youth he had sorely wronged, she whose heart he had starved and slain,
Now at his tardy coming uttered all her passionate grief and pain.

Eating the bread of lonely toil she had waited through tedious years,
Hoping all things, in tears and silence, fond and faithful despite her fears;

Then with a languid, cold consent, after patience and hope were dead,
Wedded another, whose constant passion sought her still, though her youth had fled.

Moan of people and chant of priest rose and wailed like a soul in woe;
Plumes like midnight and trailing sables slowly swept through the street below.

"Oh, my darling!" she sobbed aloud, shaken sore by her utter woe;
"Oh, my dearest, is this the coming which you promised so long ago?

"Taunt me not with my broken troth, oh my love whom I still adore!
You who lived in the love of women, winning, wasting for evermore—

"You who honor the empty husk of your vow when your lips are dumb,
No proud woman has called you husband, and you come—as you pledged to come.

"Loyal to him whose name I bore, yet I loved you, and only you;
Judge between us, oh tender mother, which is the false and which the true!"

HORRORS OF THE FEVER SHIP.

YEAR after year these stories come to us of the terrible calamities which fall upon overcrowded emigrant ships. But how many of these horrors pass unrecorded! Indeed it is only when some instance of monstrous suffering forces itself upon our attention that the veil is lifted, and the history of cruelty and pestilence is laid before us.

In the case of the ship *James Foster, Jun.*, which arrived in the Lower Bay on the 8th instant, having left Liverpool on the 19th of last December, the sufferings of the passengers were threefold. The terrors of the sea (rendering their passage an unusually long one), the calamity of ship-fever, and the brutality of the officers under whose protection they were placed, all combined to aggravate their miseries.

The vessel at her date of clearance was considered to be thoroughly sea-worthy, and the accommodations for passengers and baggage guaranteed to be, if not perfect, at least sufficient to satisfy the Emigration officers at Liverpool. What was originally designed for the hold has been converted into a large square room, capable of accommodating about 150 persons. From the huddling of the emigrants together in this hole through ten long weeks, the most unsavory aroma pervades the place. There is, besides, an almost total absence of light, and when it is considered that there was no system for ventilation in case rough weather required the hatches down, the sufferings of the poor wretches between decks can be easily imagined. At each side of the hold are erected tiers of bunks resembling a row of cupboards. These were appropriated by the passengers, the males on one side and the females on the other.

The fever broke out on the 8th of January, and during the passage about twenty-two of the passengers and seamen fell victims of disease and ill-treatment. One of the men, driven wild by the terrors which surrounded him, terminated his life by leaping overboard. The investigation, conducted by the Commissioners of Emigration after the arrival of the vessel, seems clearly to prove that the doctor as well as the officers of the vessel were possessed by a sort of demon of inhumanity. A number of the seamen were beaten and kicked and otherwise maltreated until their debilitated frames gave way under their tortures. One of the hands, a Dutchman, so one witness testifies, was killed outright by one of the officers.

The very fact that at sea the officers of a ship are under no jurisdiction through which an immediate remedy can be offered to their victims, naturally suggests the propriety and necessity of visiting their crimes with the severest legal penalties.

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" 15. Maggie's Secret.
" 14. Little Maggie May.
" 13. The Danish Boy's Whistle.
" 12. Come hither, my Baby, my Darling.
" 11. Genevieve Waltz.
" 10. Skating Rink Polka.
" 9. Champagne Charlie.
" 8. Praise of Tears.
" 7. I really don't Think I shall Marry.
" 6. Good-bye, Sweetheart, Good-bye.
" 5. Not for Joseph.
" 4. Blue Eyes.
" 3. We'd better Bide a Wee.
" 2. Won't you Tell me why, Robin?
" 1. Captain Jinks. Maclagan.

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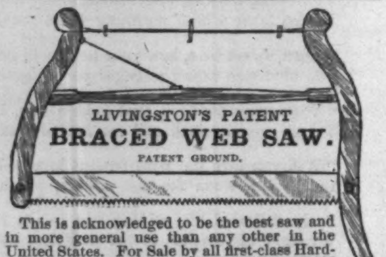
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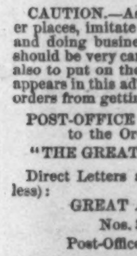

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